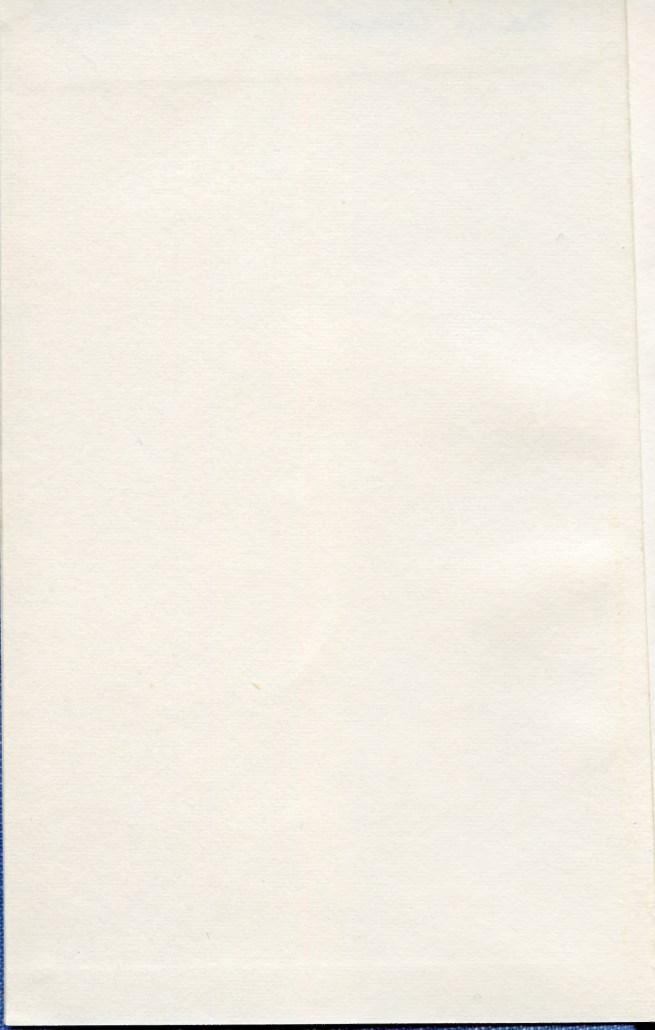


THE
ENGLISH CATHOLIC
HYMN BOOK

Dw 24

David Abbott.



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Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam

LONDON

W. KNOTT & SON LTD.

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THE
ENGLISH CATHOLIC
HYMN BOOK

Revised and augmented edition, 1955

“ “ “ “ 1966

Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam

LONDON

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PREFACE

This Hymn-Book is intended as a supplement to the older hymn-books already in existence, and especially to the English Hymnal which, in its two editions, has made so notable a contribution to English hymnody. In order to mark the supplementary character of the present book, the hymns are numbered from 801 onwards, and the repetition of hymns easily available elsewhere has as a general rule been avoided. The chief exception to this rule is the inclusion of most of the Proper Vesper Office Hymns, in some cases retranslated when necessary in order to make Part I an accurate Office Hymn-Book for Evensong throughout the year.

It has been thought advisable to suggest suitable tunes for the hymns and litanies in Parts II and III, though these suggestions are simply for the guidance of those to whom the hymns may be unfamiliar, and are in no way intended to displace any tune which may be wedded to the particular hymn by long association. Wherever possible, reference has been made to the English Hymnal which, in its two editions, constitutes a rich storehouse of the finest hymn-tunes. In Part I, no suggestions as to tunes have been made, as every office hymn has its proper plainsong which may be found in the *Antiphonale Romanum* or, in modern notation, in *A Daily Hymn Book* (Burns & Oates).

While every effort has been made to trace the owners of copyright hymns, it is possible that some cases have been overlooked, and apology is hereby offered for any inadvertent infringement of copyright.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION

In this edition a few hymns have been added; but in order that the three editions may be used together without inconvenience, new hymns have been noted by letters after the numbers, "A", "B" and "C", so as to avoid changing the numbering. A few hymns have been omitted, together with their numbers, and the Devotions of the Stations of the Cross and the Holy Rosary have been printed in full.

The necessary changes have been made to bring the book into line with the present-day liturgical reforms.

ABBREVIATIONS USED

E.H.	English Hymnal
N.E.H.	English Hymnal (1933 edition)
A. & M.	Hymns Ancient and Modern
N.A.M.	New Ancient and Modern
C.C.	Bramley and Stainer's Christmas Carols
C.H.	Catholic Hymns
M.M.H.	Mirfield Mission Hymn-Book
W.H.	Westminster Hymnal
N.W.H.	New Westminster Hymnal
D.H.B.	The Daily Hymn-Book

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PART I

OFFICE HYMNS AT
EVENSONG

THE PROPER OF THE SEASON

SUNDAY

801

Lucis Creator optime

O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who mak'st the day with radiance
bright,

And o'er the forming world didst call
The light from chaos first of all;

Whose wisdom joined in meet array
The morn and eve, and named them Day:
Night comes with all its darkling fears;
Regard thy people's prayers and tears,

Lest, sunk in sin, and whelm'd with strife,
They lose the gift of endless life;
While thinking but the thoughts of time,
They weave new chains of woe and crime.

But grant them grace that they may strain
The heavenly gate and prize to gain:
Each harmful lure aside to cast,
And purge away each error past.

O Father, that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

MONDAY

802 *Immense caeli Conditor*

O BOUNDLESS Wisdom, God most high,
O Maker of the earth and sky,
Who bid'st the parted waters flow
In heaven above, on earth below:

The streams on earth, the clouds in heaven,
By thee their ordered bounds were given,
Lest 'neath th' untempered fires of day
That parchèd soil should waste away.

E'en so on us who seek thy face
Pour forth the waters of thy grace,
Renew the fount of life within,
And quench the wasting fires of sin.

Let faith discern th' eternal Light
Beyond the darkness of the night,
And through the mists of falsehood see
The path of truth revealed by thee.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

TUESDAY

803 *Telluris alme Conditor*

EARTH'S bounteous Maker, whose
command
Raised from the sea the solid land,
And drove each billowy heap away,
And bade the earth stand firm for aye:

PROPER OF THE SEASON

That so, with flowers of golden hue,
The seeds of each it might renew;
And fruit-trees bearing fruit might yield
And pleasant pasture of the field;

Our spirit's rankling wounds efface
With dewy freshness of thy grace:
That grief may cleanse each deed of ill,
And o'er each lust may triumph still.

Let every soul thy law obey,
And keep from every evil way;
Rejoice each promised good to win,
And flee from every mortal sin.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

WEDNESDAY

804

Caeli Deus sanctissime

MOST holy Lord and God of heaven,
Who to the glowing sky hast given
The fires that in the east are born
With gradual splendours of the morn;

Who, on the fourth day, didst reveal
The sun's enkindled flaming wheel,
Didst set the moon her ordered ways,
And stars their ever-winding maze;

That each in its appointed way
Might separate the night from day,
And of the seasons through the year
The well-remembered signs declare:

PROPER OF THE SEASON

Illuminate our hearts within,
And cleanse our minds from stain of sin;
Unburdened of our guilty load
May we unfettered serve our God.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

THURSDAY

805

Magnae Deus potentiae

ALMIGHTY God, who from the flood
Didst bring to light a twofold brood;
Part in the firmament to fly,
And part in ocean's depths to lie;

Appointing fishes in the sea,
And fowls in open air to be,
That each, by origin the same,
Its separate dwelling-place might claim:

Grant that thy servants, by the tide
Of blood and water purified,
No guilty fall from thee may know,
Nor death eternal undergo.

Be none submerged in sin's distress,
None lifted up in boastfulness;
That contrite hearts be not dismayed,
Nor haughty souls in ruin laid.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

FRIDAY

806 *Plasmator hominis, Deus*

MAKER of man, who from thy throne
Dost order all things, God alone;
By whose decree the teeming earth
To reptile and to beast gave birth:

The mighty forms that fill the land,
Instinct with life at thy command,
Are given subdued to humankind
For service in their rank assigned.

From all thy servants drive away
Whate'er of thought impure today
Hath been with open action blent,
Or mingled with the heart's intent.

In heaven thine endless joys bestow,
And grant thy gifts of grace below;
From chains of strife our souls release,
Bind fast the gentle bands of peace.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

SATURDAY

807 *Jam sol recedit igneus*

THE fiery sun now fades from sight:
Shine, Unity, unfading light!
Blest Trinity, thy love impart,
And shed thy beams on ev'ry heart.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

Thee with our morning hymn we praise:
To thee our evening prayer we raise;
O grant us, with thy Saints on high,
For ever thee to glorify.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be while the ages last. Amen.

ADVENT *Committer Alme*

808

Creator alme siderum

CREATOR of the stars of night,
Thy people's everlasting light,
Jesu, Redeemer, save us all,
And hear thy servants when they call.

Thou, grieving that the ancient curse
Should doom to death a universe,
Hast found the medicine, full of grace,
To save and heal a ruined race.

Thou cam'st, the Bridegroom of the bride,
As drew the world to evening-tide;
Proceeding from a virgin shrine,
The spotless Victim all divine.

At whose dread name, majestic now,
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
And things celestial thee shall own,
And things terrestrial, Lord alone.

O thou whose coming is with dread
To judge and doom the quick and dead,
Preserve us, while we dwell below,
From every insult of the foe.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.

CHRISTMAS

809

Jesu, Redemptor omnium

JESU, Redeemer of our race,
Thou brightness of the Father's face,
Of him, and with him ever one,
Ere times and seasons had begun;

Thou that art very Light of Light,
Unfailing hope in sin's dark night,
Hear thou the prayers thy people pray,
The wide world o'er, this blessed day.

Remember, Lord of life and grace,
How once, to save a ruin'd race,
Thou didst our very flesh assume
In Mary's undefilèd womb.

Today, as year by year its light
Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,
One precious truth is echoed on,
" 'Tis thou hast saved us, thou alone."

Thou from the Father's throne didst come
To call his banish'd children home;
And heav'n and earth and sea and shore
His love who sent thee here adore.

And gladsome too are we to-day
Whose guilt thy blood has wash'd away;
Redeem'd the new-made song we sing:
It is the birthday of our King.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

All glory, Jesu, be to thee
For this thy glad Epiphany:
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

THE HOLY FAMILY

813

O lux beate Caelitum

O BLESSED Light of Saints above,
The highest hope of mortals here,
Jesu, upon whose earliest hours
There smiled the love of home most dear!

O Mary, rich in heavenly grace,
Thy Saviour hung at thy pure breast:
Fed by thy milk, warmed by thy kiss,
The infant Jesus found his rest:

And thou, the Virgin's chosen guard,
Sprung from the ancient fathers' line,
Whom by a father's sweetest name
Thy Child doth call, the Seed divine:

Ye who of Jesse's noble line
Were born, that every race and land
Might find salvation, hear our prayers
Who suppliant at your altars stand.

'Tis eventide: the sun returns;
From earthly things his light departs.
Abiding here, to you we pour
Our prayers from out our inmost hearts.

Your earthly home with heavenly grace
And flowers of every virtue shone:
So may our lives and homes on earth
Express the image of your own.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

Jesu, who wast obedient made
Unto thy parents, praise to thee:
Like glory to the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

LENT

814 *Audi, benigne Conditor*

O KIND Creator, bow thine ear
To mark the cry, to know the tear
Before thy throne of mercy spent
In this thy holy fast of Lent.

Our hearts are open, Lord, to thee:
Thou knowest our infirmity;
Pour out on all who seek thy face
Abundance of thy pardoning grace.

Our sins are many, this we know;
Spare us, good Lord, thy mercy show;
And for the honour of thy name
Our fainting souls to life reclaim.

Give us the self-control that springs
From discipline of outward things,
That fasting inward secretly
The soul may purely dwell with thee.

We pray thee, Holy Trinity,
One God, unchanging Unity,
That we from this our abstinence
May reap the fruits of penitence. Amen.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

PASSION SUNDAY

815

Vexilla Regis prodeunt

THE royal banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where Life himself our death endured
And by his death our life procured:

While, from his deeply wounded side,
Pierced with the cruel lance, a tide
Of mingled blood and water ran,
To cleanse the stains of guilty man.

Fulfill'd is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's king should be,
For God is reigning from the tree.

O tree of beauty! tree of light!
O tree with royal purple dight!
What glory may with thine compare,
Ordain'd those sacred limbs to bear!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung;
The price of humankind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

The following verse is sung kneeling:

O Cross, our one reliance, hail!
*This holy passiontide avail,
To win the just increase of grace,
And every sinner's crimes efface.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

Salvation's fount, blest Trinity,
Let all that breathe give praise to thee:
Thou by the Cross dost life bestow,
So grant us thy reward to know. Amen.

* *On the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, substitute:*

On this triumphal feast avail,

EASTER

816

Haec dies

This is the day which the Lord hath
made: let us rejoice and be glad in it.

EASTERTIDE

817

Ad regias Agni dapes

THE Lamb's high banquet called to share,
Arrayed in garments white and fair,
The Red Sea past, we fain would sing
To Christ our high triumphant King.

Now praise we him, whose love divine
Bestows his sacred blood for wine,
Who gives his body for the feast,
Himself the victim and the priest.

Protected in the Paschal night
From the destroying Angel's might,
In triumph went the ransomed free
From Pharaoh's cruel tyranny.

Now Christ our Passover is slain,
The Lamb of God without a stain;
His flesh, the true unleavened bread,
Is freely offered in our stead.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

O all-sufficient Sacrifice,
Beneath thee hell defeated lies;
Thy captive people are set free,
And crowns of life restored by thee.

We hymn thee rising from the grave,
From death returning, strong to save;
Thine own right hand the tyrant chains,
And paradise for man regains.

Jesu, do thou to every heart
Unending paschal joy impart;
From death and from iniquity
Set free the souls reborn in thee.

All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

ASCENSION

818

Salutis humanae Sator

SAVIOUR of men, who dost impart
Pure joys to every faithful heart;
Creator of a world redeemed
Whose light on loving souls hath beamed.

What wondrous pity thee o'ercame,
To make thee bear our load of shame!
And, guiltless, to resign thy breath
To win our guilty souls from death!

The realms of death are forced by thee,
The captives from their chains set free;
And thou, amidst thy ransomed train,
At God's right hand again dost reign.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

May pity still with thee prevail
To cure the ills we now bewail,
And raise us to the blessèd place
Where Saints in glory see thy face.

Be thou our heavenly guide and way,
The Leader whom our hearts obey;
Be thou the solace of our tears,
Our crown of life beyond the spheres.
Amen.

PENTECOST

819

Veni Creator Spiritus

(The first verse of this hymn is sung kneeling)

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Come with thy grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which thou hast made.

To thee, the Comforter, we cry,
To thee, the gift of God most high,
The fount of life, the fire of love,
The Soul's anointing from above.

O finger of the hand divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are thine;
True promise of the Father thou,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed thy love in every heart;
Thine own unfailing might supply
To strengthen our infirmity.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And thine abiding peace bestow;
If thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

Grant us through thee, O holy one,
To know the Father and the Son;
And this be our unchanging creed,
That thou dost from them both proceed.

All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored,
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

TRINITY SUNDAY

Hymn 807

CORPUS CHRISTI

820

Pange, lingua, gloriosi

NOW, my tongue, the mystery telling
Of the glorious body sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the world's eternal King,
In a noble womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

Given for us, for us descending,
Of a Virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending,
Scattered he the Gospel seed,
Till his sojourn drew to ending,
Which he closed in wondrous deed.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

At the last great Supper lying
Circled by his brethren's band,
Meekly with the law complying,
First he finished its command,
Then, immortal Food supplying,
Gave himself with his own hand.

Word made Flesh, by word he maketh
Very bread his Flesh to be;
Man in wine Christ's Blood partaketh;
And, if senses fail to see,
Faith alone the true heart waketh
To behold the mystery.

*If the Blessed Sacrament be exposed, the following
verse is sung kneeling*

Therefore we, before him bending,
This great Sacrament revere:
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes the inward vision clear.

Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father and the Son;
Honour, might and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too his love confessing,
Who, from both, with both is one.

Amen.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

THE SACRED HEART

821

En ut superba criminum

HOW like a host in proud array
Of cruel warriors fierce and strong
Our sins have pierced the sinless Heart
Of God, who merits no such wrong.

Our deadly guilt alone makes keen
The shaft that bringeth death and fear:
Our sins they are which surely guide
The hand that wields the soldier's spear.

From out his riven Heart the Church,
The bride of Christ, receives her birth:
This gate within the ark is set
To bring salvation to the earth.

From hence for evermore doth flow
The stream of grace in sevenfold flood:
Where we may plunge our robes defiled,
And wash them in the Lamb's dear blood.

Ah! shame to turn once more to sins
Which rend that blessèd Heart anew:
Seek we to kindle in our hearts
Those flames, of love the tokens true.

All glory, Jesu, be to thee,
Who from thy Heart thy grace dost pour:
All glory to the Father be,
And gracious Spirit evermore. Amen.

No. 822 in earlier editions omitted

PROPER OF THE SAINTS
CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL
January 25th

823 *Egregie Doctor Paule*

O WONDROUS Teacher Paul, guide
thou our lives aright,
And draw our hearts with thee to gain the
heavenly light:
Till faith now veiled shall then behold the
perfect day,
And charity, like to the sun, alone bear sway.

All honour, might, and power, and hymns
of joy we bring,
While to the Trinity eternal praise we
sing,
Who rules the universe in wondrous unity,
And shall through all the ages of eternity.
Amen.

APPEARING OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN IMMACULATE

February 11th

(*At 2nd Evensong*)

824 *Omnis expertem maculae*

LO! the chief teacher of the faith proclaimeth
Mary immune from every taint of evil,
While faithful earth the triumph of the
Virgin
Singeth rejoicing.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

For to the gaze of lowly child the Virgin
Sheweth her beauty, calms the maiden's
terror,

And without stain conceived herself
proclaimeth
With lips most holy.

O blessèd cave, wherein the Mother
wondrous
Deigned to appear: O rock for ever honoured,
Whence were poured forth in streams of
grace abounding,
Life-giving waters.

Hither the multitude of faithful hastens
From earth's wide bounds, from our own
shores, imploring,
Instant in prayer, her ever-loving succour,
Virgin most mighty.

Gently the Mother tears and sighs receiveth,
Grants to the mournful comfort and
salvation:
Hence the glad throng, the heart's desire
accorded,
Homeward returneth.

Pitiful Virgin, heed thy suppliants' crying,
Cheer and refresh us ever in our labours;
Win for the mourners in the land of gladness
Life everlasting.

Now to the Father, and the Sole-Begotten,
And to the Spirit, Three in One co-equal,
Glory and praise be henceforth through the
ages,
World without ending. Amen.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

ST. PETER'S CHAIR

February 22nd

824^A *Quodcumque in orbe nexibus
revinxeris*

W^HATE'ER upon this earth in fetters
thou shalt bind,
O Peter, shall be bound above the starry
skies;
What by the power of God, to thee
bequeathed, is loosed.
That shall be loosed within the heavenly
realms on high:
And thou the age shalt judge, when the
world's end is nigh.

Now to the Father glory through all
ages be;
Now let us sing our hymns of wondrous
praise to thee,
Eternal Son; O Spirit high, all majesty
And laud to thee be given; and may the
Trinity
Be glorified through every age eternally.
Amen.

ST. JOSEPH

March 19th and May 1st

825 *Te, Joseph, celebrent*

O JOSEPH, heavenly hosts thy worthiness
proclaim,
And Christendom conspires to celebrate thy
fame,
Thou who in purest bonds wast to the Virgin
bound;
How glorious is thy name renowned!

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

Thou, when thou didst behold thy Spouse
about to bear,
Wast sore oppressed with doubt, wast filled
with wondering care;
At length the Angel's word thy anxious
heart relieved:
"She by the Spirit hath conceived."

Thou with thy new-born Lord didst seek far
Egypt's land,
As wandering pilgrims, fled ye o'er the desert
sand;
That Lord, when lost, by thee is in the
temple found,
While tears are shed, and joys abound.

Not till death's hour is past do other men
obtain
The meed of holiness, and glorious rest
attain;
Thou, like to Angels made, in life
completely blest,
Dost clasp thy God unto thy breast.

O Holy Trinity, thy suppliant servants spare;
Grant us to rise to heaven, for Joseph's sake
and prayer,
And so our grateful hearts to thee shall
ever raise,
Exulting canticles of praise. Amen.
No. 826 in earlier editions omitted

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST

June 24th

827

Ut queant laxis

O FOR thy spirit, holy John, to chasten
Lips sin-polluted, fettered tongues to
loosen!

So by thy children might thy deeds of
wonder

Meetly be chanted.

Lo! a swift herald, from the skies
descending,

Bears to thy father promise of thy greatness;
How he shall name thee, what thy future
story,

Duly revealing.

Scarcely believing message so transcendent,
Him for a season power of speech forsaketh,
Till, at thy wondrous birth, again
returneth,

Voice to the voiceless.

Thou, in thy mother's womb all darkly
cradled,

Knewest thy Monarch biding in his
chamber;

Whence the two parents, through their
children's merits,

Mysteries uttered.

Praise to the Father, to the sole-begotten,
And to thee, alway with the Twain co-equal,
Fostering Spirit; one and only Godhead
Through all the ages. Amen.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

SS. PETER AND PAUL

June 29th

828 *Decora lux aeternitatis auream*

THE beauteous light of God's eternal
majesty

Streams down in golden rays to grace this
holy day,

Which crowned the princes twain of the
Apostles' choir,

And unto guilty mortals showed the
heavenward way.

The teacher of the world, the guard of
heaven's gate.

Rome's founders twain, and rulers too of
every land,

Triumphant over death by sword and
shameful cross,

With laurel crowned are gathered to th'
eternal band.

O happy Rome, who in thy martyr-princes'
blood,

A twofold stream, art washed and doubly
sanctified;

All earthly beauty thou alone outshinest far,
Empurpled by their outpoured life-blood's
glorious tide.

All honour, power, and everlasting jubilee
To him who all things made and governs
here below,

To God, in essence one, and yet in Persons
three,

Both now and ever, while unending ages
flow. Amen.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

July 1st

829 *Festivis resonent compita vocibus*

NOW let our streets resound with vocal
melody,

Now let each countenance shine clear with
holy joy;

Raise high the torches bright, lighting our
festal way,

As young and old in order go.

Yet while we sing with joy, spare not due
meed of tears,

Mindful of him who died, hanged on the
bitter tree,

And for the race of men, fallen from first
estate,

From many a wound his blood
outpoured.

From the first Adam's sin in Eden long ago
Death's heavy penalty hung over all
mankind;

Now by his life and death our second Adam
gives

Life to a fallen race once more.

Since through the highest heaven the Father
on his throne

Heard the strong cry that broke from his
own dying Son,

Our debt is paid in full by the Redeemer's
blood,

Pardon complete for sin is won.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

Henceforth who in that blood washeth his
soilèd robes,
Cleansèd from every stain, and like the
Angel-hosts
Standing before the King in roseate beauty
clad,
Finds grace and favour in his sight.

Therefore let Christian men press on to
reach the goal,
Scorning to turn aside from the strait
path of life;
Bountiful gifts of grace God gives along
the way,
And at the end a glorious prize.

Grant of thy grace and power, Father who
rulest all,
That we, whom thou hast bought with thy
Son's precious blood,
And by thy Spirit's breath dost day by day
renew,
May to the crown of heaven attain.
Amen.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

ST. MARY MAGDALENE

July 22nd

830

Pater superni luminis

FATHER of lights, one glance of thine,
Whose eyes the universe control,
Fills Magdalene with holy love,
And melts the ice within her soul.

Her precious ointment forth she brings
Upon those sacred feet to pour;
She washes them with burning tears,
And with her hair she wipes them o'er.

Impassion'd to the Cross she clings,
Nor fears beside the tomb to stay,
Nor dreads the soldier's savage mien,
For love doth cast all fear away.

Of Christ, O very Charity,
By thee be all our sins forgiv'n;
Do thou our hearts with grace fulfil.
And grant us the rewards of heav'n.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son,
And glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While everlasting ages run. Amen.

No. 831 in earlier editions omitted

THE TRANSFIGURATION

August 6th

832

Quicumque Christum quaeritis

ALL ye who seek for Christ, upraise
Your eyes, and heavenward turn your gaze;
There may you see the wondrous sign
Of never ending glory shine.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

Behold him in celestial rays,
Who never knoweth end of days;
Exalted, infinite, sublime;
Older than heav'n, or hell, or time.

This is the Gentiles' King adored,
This is Judaea's King and Lord,
To Abraham promised long before,
And to his seed for evermore.

To him the prophets witness bear,
And with the word that they declare
The Father gives the dread decree:
Hear and believe the Son, saith he.

All glory, Lord, to thee we pray,
Revealed to little ones to-day;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

THE ASSUMPTION

August 15th

(*At 1st Evensong*)

832^A

O prima, Virgo, prodita

O VIRGIN, first proceeding forth
From the Creator's majesty,
And foreordained within thy womb
To bear the Son of God most High.

Thou art the woman long foretold,
The devil's everlasting foe,
In thy first moment undefiled,
On whom the flood of grace doth flow.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

Conceiving Life within thy womb,
Our life by Adam lost below
Thou dost renew, and thine own flesh
On God the Victim dost bestow.

Now death, the debt from sinners due,
Defeated flees from thee forlorn,
While partner with thy gracious Son
Thy body to the stars is borne.

Resplendent in thy glory bright,
All things created now arise,
In thee to find their loveliness,
In thee their beauty and their prize.

O Queen triumphant, turn thine eyes
To us, poor exiles here below:
That led by thee we may attain
Our native land in heaven to know.

Jesu, of Virgin Mother born,
All glory ever be to thee,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

(At 2nd Evensong Hymn 850)

TRIUMPH OF THE HOLY CROSS

September 14th
Hymn 815

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

SEVEN SORROWS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

September 15th

833

Jam toto subitus

NOW over all the heavens let darkness
spread abroad,
The sun with hidden face make daylight fly
amazed;
While here I call to mind that cruel death of
shame,
The wondrous tragedy of God.

And thou wast watching there in prayer,
O Mother mild,
Thy face bedewed with tears, thy heart all
staunch and true;
While, hanging on the Cross thy Son, thy
dying Son,
Poured forth his cries and sighing
deep.

Maiden, before thine eyes he hung, thine
only Son,
The furrows of his wounds laid open to thy
sight;
And every wound there seen doth pierce thy
very soul,
With sharp and bitter agony.

The spitting and the blows, the scourging and
the wounds,
The nails, the bitter gall, sponge, vinegar
and lance,
The thorns, the thirst, the blood, all these
thy heart bowed down
With bitter agony and woe.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

And so beneath the Cross, blest Virgin, thou
dost stand,
No Martyr e'er so brave; dying amid such
griefs,
Mother of God, yet thou, O marvel! diest
not,

Though pierced with keenest shafts
of woe.

Now to the Trinity be glory, honour, praise;
From whom with humble prayer I supplicate
to gain
Strength, like the Virgin's strength, the course
of life to run
Along the hard and bitter way. Amen.

ST. MICHAEL

September 29th

834 *Te, splendor et virtus Patris*

O JESU, life-spring of the soul!
The Father's power and glory bright!
Thee, with the Angels, we extol;
From thee they draw their life and light.

Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread
Embattled o'er the azure sky;
But Michael bears thy standard dread,
And lifts the mighty Cross on high.

He, in that sign, the rebel powers
Did, with their dragon prince, expel;
And hurl'd them from the heav'n's high
towers,
Down, like a thunderbolt, to hell.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

Grant us, with him for leader, Lord,
Against the prince of pride to fight;
So may a crown be our reward
Before the Lamb's pure throne of light.

To God the Father praise be done
By us, redeemed by God the Son,
Anointed by the Holy Ghost,
And guarded by the Angel host. Amen.

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

October 2nd

835 *Custodes hominum psallimus*
 Angelos

THE Guardians of our race, our Angel
 guides we hail;
Our Father sendeth forth to aid our nature
 frail
These heavenly friends, lest we should suffer
 overthrow
 Through cunning of our subtle foe.
For he, who justly lost the honour once
 his own,
The traitor angel rues his lost and vacant
 throne;
With burning envy strives to make them
 fall away,
 Whom God doth call to heavenly day.
Then, watchful Guardian, spread thy wings
 and cleave the air,
Haste hither to our home committed to thy care;
Drive hence each noxious ill that might the
 soul infest,
 Nor suffer danger here to rest.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

Now to the holy Three your praise devoutly
pour;

His glorious Godhead guides and governs
evermore

This triple frame: to him ascribe we all
our praise

Who reigns through everlasting days.

Amen

No. 836 in earlier editions omitted

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY OF THE ROSARY

October 7th

837

Te gestientem gaudiis

THEE, Mother, filled with joy untold,
Thee, pierced with sorrows sevenfold,
Thee, crowned with glory ravishing,
O Virgin Mother, thee we sing.

Hail, thou, who in o'erflowing joy
Didst once conceive the heavenly Boy,
Didst greet thy cousin, bare thy Child,
Present him, find him, Mother mild.

Hail, grieving on his agony,
His stripes and crown of mockery,
His burden, giving up the ghost,
Thou Queen of all the martyr-host.

Hail, in thy joys of victory won,
Thy risen and ascending Son,
The fires on Pentecost sent down,
Thy glad Assumption, and thy crown.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

O come, ye nations, roses twine
From out these mysteries divine,
And with them weave a garland meet,
The Mother of fair Love to greet.

O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee
All honour, praise and glory be;
All praise, as is for ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

ST. RAPHAEL

October 24th

838

*Christe, sanctorum decus
Angelorum*

CHRIST, the fair glory of the holy
Angels,

Thou who hast made us, thou who o'er us
rulest,

Grant of thy mercy unto us thy servants
Steps up to heaven.

Send thy Archangel, Raphael, the restorer
Of the misguided ways of men who wander,
Who at thy bidding strengthens soul and body
With thine anointing.

May the blest Mother of our God and
Saviour,

May the assembly of the Saints in glory,
May the celestial companies of Angels
Ever assist us.

Father almighty, Son and Holy Spirit,
God ever blessed, be thou our preserver;
Thine is the glory which the Angels worship,
Veiling their faces. Amen.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

THE FEAST OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST THE KING

The last Sunday in October

839 *Te saeculorum Principem*

THEE, Christ, the ages' Lord we sing,
Thee, Christ, of all the nations King,
Sole Lord and Judge whose will doth bind
The hearts and minds of all mankind.

Though evil crowds cry once again
With frenzied will, "Christ shall not
reign,"

Yet our exulting voices sing
And hail thee universal King.

O Christ, the Prince of Peace, recall
All rebel wills to own thy thrall;
And let thy love lead back and keep
Within one fold thy scattered sheep.

For this, upon the blood-stained Tree
Thou spread'st thine arms unweariedly,
And show'st thine Heart to our amaze
With spear transfix'd, with love ablaze.

For this on altar thou dost bide,
In form of wine and feast dost hide,
That from that piercèd breast may flow
Salvation's stream on us below.

The rulers of the nations all
Shall at thy feet adoring fall,
All judges magnify thy Name,
All laws and arts show forth thy fame.

PROPER OF THE SAINTS

Let kingly crowns more glorious shine
When consecrated, Lord, as thine :
Place thou our land and homes to-day
Beneath thy mild and gracious sway.

O Jesu, praise to thee we yield,
Who dost thy guiding sceptre wield
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Reigning for ay o'er heaven's bright host.
Amen.

ALL SAINTS

November 1st

840

Placare, Christe, servulis

O CHRIST, thy guilty people spare !
Lo, kneeling at thy gracious
throne,
The Virgin pours her loving prayer,
Imploring pardon for her own.

Ye Angels, happy evermore,
Who in your circles nine ascend,
As ye have guarded us before,
So still from harm our steps defend.

Ye Prophets, and Apostles high,
Behold our penitential tears ;
And plead for us when death is nigh
And our all-searching Judge appears.

Ye Martyrs in empurpled band,
Confessors all in white-robed train ;
O call us to our native land
From this our exile back again.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

And ye, O choirs of Virgins chaste,
Receive us to your thrones on high
With Hermits who from desert waste
Have found a pathway to the sky.

Drive from the flock, O spirits blest,
The false and faithless race away;
That all within one fold may rest,
Secure beneath one shepherd's sway.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son;
And glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While everlasting ages run. Amen.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS OUT OF EASTERTIDE

841

Exsultet orbis gaudiis

NOW let the earth with joy resound;
And heav'n the chant re-echo round;
Nor heav'n nor earth too high can raise
The great Apostles' glorious praise.

O ye who, throned in glory dread,
Shall judge the living and the dead!
Lights of the world for evermore!
To you our suppliant prayer we pour.

Ye close the sacred gates on high;
At your command apart they fly;
O loose for us the guilty chain
We strive to break, and strive in vain.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

Sickness and health your voice obey;
At your command they go or stay:
From sin's disease our souls restore;
In good confirm us more and more.

So when the world is at its end,
And Christ to judgment shall descend,
May we be call'd those joys to see
Prepared from all eternity.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And so shall be while ages last. Amen.

APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS IN EASTERTIDE

842

Tristes erant Apostoli

THE Apostles' hearts were full of pain
For Christ their Lord so lately slain
By rebel servants doomed to die
A death of cruel agony.

With truthful word the Angel gave
The women tidings at the grave:
Full soon shall Christ who now doth live
Glad tidings to his faithful give.

But while they hasten on their way
The Apostles' sorrow to allay,
The Christ in glory bright they meet
And falling prostrate clasp his feet.

Th' Apostles then with eager heed
To Galilee's high mountains speed:
And there, their hearts' desire possessed,
In Jesu's gracious light are blessed.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

Jesu, do thou to every heart
Unending Paschal joy impart,
From death and from iniquity
Set free the souls reborn in thee.

All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored:
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

ONE MARTYR

843

Deus tuorum militum

O GOD, thy soldiers' crown and guard,
And their exceeding great reward,
From all transgressions set us free,
Who sing thy Martyr's victory.

The pleasures of the world he spurned,
From sin's pernicious lures he turned;
He knew their joys imbued with gall,
And thus he reached thy heavenly hall.

For thee through many a woe he ran,
In many a fight he played the man;
For thee his blood he dared to pour,
And thence hath joy for evermore.

We therefore pray thee, full of love,
Regard us from thy throne above;
On this thy Martyr's triumph day,
Wash every stain of sin away.

O Christ, most loving King, to thee,
With God the Father, glory be;
Like glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

MANY MARTYRS OUT OF EASTERTIDE

844

Sanctorum meritis

THE merits of the Saints
Blessèd for evermore,
Their love that never faints,
The toils they bravely bore,
For these the Church to-day
Pours forth her joyous lay;
These victors wear the noblest bay.

By better hope sustained,
In that false world of yore,
They, for their Lord disdained
Its fruitless, flowerless shore;
Earth's joys forsaking all,
They followed at thy call,
Lord Jesu, to thy heavenly hall.

For thee all pangs they bear,
Fury and mortal hate,
The cruel scourge to tear,
The hook to lacerate;
But vain their foes' intent;
For, every torment spent,
Their valiant spirits stood unbent.

Like sheep their blood they poured,
And, without groan or tear,
They bent before the sword,
All for their King most dear;
Their souls, serenely blest,
In patience they possessed,
And looked in hope toward their rest.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

What tongue may here declare,
Fancy or thought descry,
The joys thou dost prepare
For these thy Saints on high!
Empurpled in the flood
Of their triumphant blood,
They won the laurel from their God.

To thee, O Lord most high,
One in three Persons still,
To pardon us we cry,
And keep us from all ill;
Here give thy servants peace;
Hereafter glad release
And pleasures that shall never cease.
Amen.

MANY MARTYRS IN EASTERTIDE

845

Rex gloriose Martyrum

O GLORIOUS King of Martyr hosts,
Thou Crown that each Confessor
boasts.

Who ledest to celestial day
The Saints who cast earth's joys away;

Thine ear in mercy, Saviour, lend,
While unto thee our prayers ascend;
And, as we count their triumphs won,
Forgive the sins that we have done.

Martyrs in thee their triumphs gain,
Confessors grace from thee obtain;
We sinners humbly seek of thee
From sin's offence to set us free.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored:
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

CONFESSORS

846

Iste Confessor

HE, the Confessor of the Lord, whose
story
All faithful people tell with veneration,
On this his feast-day year by year receiveth
Merited honours.

Saintly and prudent, crowned with gentle
meekness,
Modest and sober, chaste was he and holy;
Whiles that life's vigour, coursing through
his members,
Quickened his being.

So to the weary, through his glorious merit,
Prostrate in sickness, health and strength
are given:
Oft the sore-laden, howsoever burdened,
Through him find healing.

Wherefore our choir doth gladly sing his
praises,
Raising their anthem in his glorious
triumph,
That by his faithful prayers throughout
the ages
We may be succoured.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

His be the power, honour and salvation,
Who on the throne of heaven, glorious,
shining,
Ordereth meetly earth and sky and ocean,
God in three Persons. Amen.

VIRGINS

847 *Jesu, corona Virginum*

JESU, the Virgins' Crown, do thou
Accept us as in prayer we bow,
Born of that Virgin whom alone
The Mother and the Maid we own.

Amongst the lilies thou dost feed
And thither choirs of Virgins lead;
Adorning all thy chosen brides
With glorious gifts thy love provides.

And whither, Lord, thy footsteps wend
The Virgins still with praise attend;
For thee they pour their sweetest song,
And after thee rejoicing throng.

O gracious Lord, we thee implore
Thy grace on every sense to pour;
From all pollution keep us free,
And make us pure in heart for thee.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

MATRONS

848

Fortem virili pectore

PRAISE we the matron, who, endued
With holy zeal and fortitude,
Has won through grace a saintly fame,
And owns a dear and honour'd name.

Such holy love inflamed her breast
She would not seek on earth her rest,
But, strong in faith and patience, trod
The narrow way that leads to God.

She learn'd, through fasting, to control
The flesh that weigheth down the soul,
And then, by prayer's sweet food sustain'd,
To seek the joys she now has gained.

O Christ, from whom all virtue springs,
Who only doest wondrous things,
As now thy Saint to thee doth pray,
Accept and bless thy flock to-day.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

DEDICATION

849

Caelestis urbs Jerusalem

JERUSALEM, thou City blest,
Dear vision of celestial rest!
Which, far above the starry sky,
Piled up with living stones on high,
Art, as a Bride, encircled bright
With million angel-forms of light.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

O wedded in a prosperous hour!
The Father's glory was thy dower;
The Bridegroom all his graces shed,
Thou peerless Queen, upon thy head,
When Christ espoused thee for his
Bride,
O City bright and glorified!

Thy gates a pearly lustre pour;
Thy gates are open evermore;
And thither evermore draw nigh
All who for Christ have dared to die;
Or, smit with love of their dear Lord,
Have pains endured and joys abhorr'd.

Type of the Church which here we see,
O what a task hath builded thee!
Long did the chisels ring around,
Long did the mallets' blows rebound;
Long worked the head, and toil'd
the hand;
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand.

To God the Father glory due,
And to his only Son most true,
Be paid by all the heavenly host,
With thee, O God the Holy Ghost!
To whom praise, power and blessing be
Through ages of eternity. Amen.

COMMON OF THE SAINTS

COMMON OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

(The first verse of this hymn is sung kneeling)

850

Ave, maris stella

STAR of ocean fairest,
Mother, God who barest,
Virgin, thou immortal,
Heaven's blissful portal.

Ave thou receivest,
Gabriel's word believest,
Change to peace and gladness
Eva's name of sadness.

Loose the bonds of terror,
Lighten blinded error,
All our ills repressing,
Pray for every blessing.

Mother's care displaying,
Offer him thy praying,
Who, when born our Brother,
Chose thee for his Mother.

Virgin all excelling,
Gentle past our telling,
Pardoned sinners render
Gentle, chaste and tender.

In pure ways direct us,
On our path protect us,
Till on Jesus gazing
We shall join thy praising.

Father, Son eternal,
Holy Ghost supernal,
With one praise we bless thee,
Three in One confess thee. Amen.

PART II

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS

GOD ALMIGHTY

851

(Tune: A. & M. 74)

FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim:
This alone shall be my prayer,
Glorify thy Name.

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify thy Name.

GOD ALMIGHTY

If thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how thy dear Son
To his glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify thy Name."

852

(Tune: E.H. 144)

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And ev'ry day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wast the end, the blessèd rule
Of Jesus' toils and tears,
The passion of his yearning heart
Those three and thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee;
A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do
And leave the rest to thee.

GOD ALMIGHTY

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine.
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's Will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be his sweet Will.

853 (*Tune: E.H. 211; A. & M. 216*)

THERE is one true and only God,
Our Maker and our Lord;
And he created everything
By his almighty word.

*All this, and all the Church doth teach,
My God, I do believe;
For thou hast bid us hear the Church,
And Thou canst not deceive.*

But in this one and only God
There yet are Persons three,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One blessed Trinity.

The second Person, God the Son,
Came down on earth to dwell;
Took flesh, and died upon the cross,
To save our souls from hell.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

The good with God in heav'n above
Will ever happy be;
The wicked in the flames of hell
Will burn eternally.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

854

(Tune: E.H. 28)

ADESTE fideles,
Laeti triumphantes;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem:
Natum videte
Regem Angelorum:

*Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Dominum.*

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine
Gestant puellae viscera;
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum:

Cantet nunc Io
Chorus Angelorum;
Cantet nunc aula caelestium,
Gloria
In excelsis Deo!

Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna
Jesu, tibi sit gloria;
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum:

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

855 (*Tune: as in Stainer's "Crucifixion".*)

ALL for Jesus! all for Jesus!
This our song shall ever be;
For we have no hope nor saviour,
If we have not hope in thee.

All for Jesus! thou dost give us
Strength to serve thee hour by hour,
None can move us from thy presence
While we trust thy love and power.

All for Jesus! at thine altar
Thou dost give us sweet content;
There, dear Saviour, we receive thee
In the holy sacrament.

All for Jesus! thou hast loved us,
All for Jesus! thou hast died,
All for Jesus! thou art with us,
All for Jesus crucified!

All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
This the Church's song must be,
Till at last her sons are gathered
One in love and one in thee.

855^A (*Tune: A. & M. 640, ii*)

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Born thy people to deliver:
Born a Child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By thy all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

856 (*Tune: C.H. 138; A. & M. 22*)

CHRIST is my true King and
Shepherd;
He doth rule me, he doth guide.
Nothing can I lack, if near him
Constant I abide.

Where the verdant pasture springeth,
Where the living waters flow,
There his tender love hath set me
On this earth below.

For his name's sake he hath led me
In the paths of truth and right,
And my drooping soul sustaineth
By his holy might.

Though I walk through death's
dark valley,
Yet no evil shall I fear;
Powers of darkness have no terrors;
Christ, my Lord, is near.

Where the wicked sore afflict me,
He a table doth prepare,
Furnished well with food celestial
By his bounteous care.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

He with oil my head anointeth
In the midst of all my foes,
And my cup with sweetness filleth
Till it overflows.

So throughout life's toilsome journey
Shall his mercy follow me,
Till at length in radiant glory
I my Lord shall see.

Bliss supreme, O bliss supernal,
Then to see him and adore,
In his heavenly house abiding,
Blest for evermore.

857

(Tune: E.H. 47, 289;
N.E.H. 481, 128)

HAIL, Redeemer, King divine!
Priest and Lamb, the throne is thine:
King, whose reign shall never cease,
Prince of everlasting peace.

*Angels, Saints, and Nations sing:
Prais'd be Jesus Christ our King,
Lord of life, earth, sky and sea,
King of love on Calvary.*

King whose name creation thrills,
Rule our minds, our hearts, our wills,
Till in peace each nation rings
With thy praises, King of kings!

King most holy, King of truth,
Guide the lowly, guide the youth;
Christ, thou King of glory bright,
Be to us eternal light!

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Shepherd-King, o'er mountains steep,
Homeward bring the wandering sheep;
Shelter in one royal fold
States and kingdoms new and old.

Crimson streams, O King of grace,
Drenched thy thorn-crowned head and
face;
Floods of love's redeeming tide
Tore thy hands, thy feet, thy side.

*Sing all tongues, let none be dumb:
Sacred Heart, thy kingdom come!
To the King of ages then
Honour, glory, love. Amen.*

858 (Tune: E.H. 393, 568)

HAPPY we who thus united
Join in cheerful melody;
Praising Jesus, Mary, Joseph
In the Holy Family.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help us,
That we ever true may be
To the promises that bind us
To the Holy Family.

Jesus, whose almighty bidding
All created things fulfil,
Lives on earth in meek subjection
To his earthly parents' will.

Sweetest Infant, make us patient
And obedient for thy sake;
Teach us to be chaste and gentle,
All our stormy passions break.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Mary, thou alone wast chosen
To be Mother of thy Lord;
Thou didst guide the early footsteps
Of the great Incarnate Word.
Dearest Mother, make us humble;
For thy Son will take his rest
In the poor and lowly dwelling
Of a humble sinner's breast.

Joseph, thou wast called the father
Of thy Maker and thy Lord;
Thine it was to save thy Saviour
From the cruel Herod's sword.
Suffer us to call thee father,
Shew to us a father's love;
Lead us safe through every danger
Till we meet in heav'n above.

859

(Tune: M.M.H. 46)

I AM thine, O Lord; I have heard thy
voice,
And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith
And be closer drawn to thee.

*Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To the Cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To thy precious, wounded side.*

Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in thine.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before the throne I spend,
While I kneel in prayer, and with thee,
my God.
I commune as friend with friend.

There are depths of love that I cannot
touch,
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may
not reach,
Till I rest in peace with thee.

860

(Tune: E.H. 486)

I NEED thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me.
I need thy heart, sweet Jesus,
To feel each anxious care;
I long to tell my every want,
And all my sorrows share.

I need thy blood, sweet Jesus,
To wash each sinful stain,
To cleanse this sinful soul of mine
And make it pure again.
I need thy wounds, sweet Jesus,
To fly from perils near,
To shelter in those hallowed clefts
From every doubt and fear.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

I need, O sweetest Jesus,
Thy sacrament of love,
To nourish this poor soul of mine
With manna from above.
I'll need thee, sweetest Jesus,
When death's dread hour draws
nigh;
And trusting in thy Sacred Heart,
I shall not fear to die.

861

(Tune: A. & M. 170)

JESUS is God! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night;
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations are.

Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of golden Angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's Cross true God;
He who in heav'n eternal reigned
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil;
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If by our Credo we might own
The Godhead of our Lord!

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Jesus is God! O could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
O had I but an Angel's voice
I would proclaim so loud—
Jesus the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

862 (Tune: D.H.B. 279; A. & M. 203)

KING of kings and Lord of glory,
Hallowed, worshipped and adored;
May all kings and nations bless thee,
May they love, revere, confess thee,
God eternal, holy Lord!

*Reign as King, Almighty Lord!
Evermore, through endless days,
Be to thee, O Christ adored,
Worship, honour, glory, praise!*

Jesus, First-born of creation,
Thou shalt rule from sea to sea;
Light of God, shine on our darkness;
Love of Christ, give us thy sweetness,
Food of immortality.

Kind Redeemer, in the kingdom
Of thy Heart we long to rest;
Thou hast rescued us from darkness,
Hast had pity on our weakness;
Live in us, O Jesu blest!

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

One day we shall see thee reigning,
Thee, our King, in heaven enthroned,
Every tongue thy name confessing,
Every heart thy mercy blessing,
Jesus, loved, adored, and owned!

863

(Tune: M.M.H. 75)

LET me come closer to thee, Jesus;
O closer day by day;
Let me lean harder on thee, Jesus;
Yea, harder all the way.

Let me shew forth thy beauty, Jesus,
Like sunshine on the hills;
O let my lips pour forth thy sweetness
In joyous sparkling rills.

Yea, like a fountain, precious Jesus,
Make me and let me be;
Keep me and use me daily, Jesus.
For thee, for only thee.

In all my heart and will, O Jesus,
Be altogether King;
Make me a loyal subject, Jesus,
To thee in everything.

Thirsting and hungering for thee, Jesus,
With blessèd hunger here;
Longing for home on Sion's mountain;
No thirst, no hunger there.

THE HOLY HOUSE

864

(Tune: E.H. 597)

O HOLY home of Nazareth,
Most blessèd is thy shelter given
To those who made the Church on earth
A home to fit the soul for heaven.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

The sun, who with his golden light
On near and distant lands doth shine,
Hath never shone on fairer home,
Hath never gilded holier shrine.

From heaven's high courts to Nazareth
The Angels loved to come and go,
Where virtue, throned in lowly room,
And Jesus made a heaven below.

Obedient here in heart and hand
To Joseph's will is Christ the Boy;
And Mary in a mother's tasks
Knows all the fullness of her joy.

And Joseph stands at Mary's side
To share her loving oversight,
While Jesus, Author of all grace,
Doth each to each in love unite.

The love of each to either given
In fullness flows on Christ the Lord;
And he, incarnate Love, on both
Doth ever lavish love's reward.

May charity inform our souls,
Unite us, banish earthly strife,
And shed its peace within our homes
To temper all the ills of life.

To thee, O Jesus, subject made
To earthly parents, glory be,
With Father and with Holy Ghost
From age to age eternally. Amen.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

865

(*Tune: E.H. 554*)

O JESU, bless our homes,
And make them like to thine;
Be bitterness unknown,
Bid love and kindness shine.

Let love of God be first,
And daily prayers arise,
As once from Nazareth
Thine own soared to the skies.

Let lowliness abound,
That sweet humility
Of Mary's sinless heart
Which made her dear to thee.

Let work be bravely done,
As Joseph toiled of old,
For thee and thy reward,
Nor only for earth's gold.

Then let thy blessing bring
Just such prosperity
As thou shalt deem most fit
To keep us true to thee.

And to thy better home
O bring us at the last,
To praise thee with thy Saints
When earthly joys are past.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

866

(Tune: A. & M. 307) *2000, 18*

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,

O Name of might and favour,

All other names above,

We worship thee, we bless thee,

To thee alone we sing;

We praise thee and confess thee

Our holy Lord and King.

O Bringer of salvation,

Who wondrously hast wrought,

Thyself the revelation

Of love beyond our thought,

We worship thee, we bless thee,

To thee alone we sing;

We praise thee and confess thee

Our gracious Lord and King.

In thee all fullness dwelleth,

All grace and power divine;

The glory that excelleth,

O Son of God, is thine!

We worship thee, we bless thee,

To thee alone we sing:

We praise thee and confess thee

Our glorious Lord and King.

O grant the consummation

Of this our song above,

In endless adoration

And everlasting love;

Then shall we praise and bless thee,

Where perfect praises ring,

And evermore confess thee

Our Saviour and our King.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

867

(Tune: C.C. 30)

SEE amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below.
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years!

*Hail, thou ever-blessed morn !
Hail, redemption's happy dawn !
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !*

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He who, throned in heights sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say
What your joyful news to-day ?
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep ?

"As we watched at dead of night
Lo! we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing peace on earth
Told us of a Saviour's birth."

Sacred Infant, all-divine,
What a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble thee
In thy sweet humility.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Virgin Mother, Mary blest,
By the joys that fill thy breast,
Pray for us that we may prove
Worthy of the Saviour's love.

868

(Tune: C.C. 9)

SLEEP, holy Babe,
Upon thy Mother's breast!
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see thee lie
In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Holy Babe!
Thine angels watch around;
All bending low with folded wings
Before th' Incarnate King of kings
In reverent awe profound!

Sleep, Holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
Ah, take thy brief repose;
Too quickly will thy slumbers break,
And thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

O Lady blest,
Sweet Virgin, hear my cry!
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To thee, in causing thy dear Son
Upon the cross to die!

THE SACRED HEART

THE SACRED HEART

869 (*Tune: E.H. 498; W.H. 89*)

O HEART of Jesus, Heart of God,
O source of boundless love,
By Angels praised, by Saints adored,
From their bright thrones above.

The poorest, saddest heart on earth
May claim thee for its own,
O burning, throbbing Heart of Christ,
Too late, too little known.

The very sound of those sweet words—
The Sacred Heart—can give
To the most lone and hardened soul
Strength to endure and live.

A mother may forget her child,
A father prove untrue;
A brother or a sister turn
Unkind and thankless too.

The hearts of men are often hard
And full of selfish care;
But in the Sacred Heart we find
A refuge from despair.

To thee, my Jesus, then I come,
A poor and helpless child;
And on thine own words "Come to Me,"
My only hope I build.

The world is cold and life is sad;
I crave the blessed rest
Of those who lay their weary heads
Upon thy sacred Breast.

THE SACRED HEART

For love is stronger far than death,
And who can love like thee,
My Saviour, whose appealing Heart
Broke on the cross for me?

The purest, deepest, earthly love,
What is it, Lord to thine?
A single drop from that great fount,
Eternal and divine.

870 (*Tune: E.H. App. 16; N.A.M. 33*)

O SACRED Heart, for ever burning
With fire of love for all mankind;
In thee our hearts their home discerning
Love's refuge seek, love's guerdon find.

O wounded Heart, for our salvation
Distraught with agonies and fears;
Accept thy children's supplication
And melt our frozen hearts to tears.

O patient Heart, in silence pleading
Through lowliest veils of bread and wine;
Our hearts in shame and sorrow bleeding
Restore, and fill with grace divine.

O royal Heart, enthroned for ever
O'er rebel realms won back, forgiven;
Our hearts from earth's allegiance sever,
And make us citizens of heaven.

O Heart of God the One, the Living,
O human Heart of Mary's Son,
Through thee creation's great thanksgiving
Goes up to God the Three in One.

THE SACRED HEART

871 (Tune: *W.H. 86; N.W.H. 88*)

O SACRED Heart!
Our home lies deep in thee.
On earth thou art an exile's rest,
In heaven the glory of the blest,
O Sacred Heart!

O Sacred Heart!
Thou Fount of contrite tears,
Where'er those living waters flow,
New life to sinners they bestow,
O Sacred Heart!

O Sacred Heart!
Our trust is all in thee;
For though earth's night be dark
and drear,
Thou breathest rest when thou art near,
O Sacred Heart!

O Sacred Heart!
When shades of death shall fall,
Receive us 'neath thy gentle care,
And save us from the tempter's snare,
O Sacred Heart!

O Sacred Heart!
Lead exiled children home,
Where we may ever rest near thee
In peace and joy eternally,
O Sacred Heart!

THE SACRED HEART

872 (*Tune: W.H. 93; A. & M. 233 adapted*)

SWEET Heart of Jesus! Fount of love and
mercy,

To-day we come thy blessing to implore,
O touch our hearts so cold and so ungrateful,
And make them, Lord, thine own for
evermore.

*Sweet Heart of Jesus, we thee implore,
O make us love thee more and more.*

Sweet Heart of Jesus! make us know and
love thee,

Unfold to us the treasures of thy grace,
That so our hearts, from things of earth
uplifted,

May long alone to gaze upon thy face.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! make us pure and
gentle,

And teach us how to do thy blessed will;
Make us to love the things that thou
commandest,

And when we fail, dear Saviour, love us
still.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! bless all hearts that
love thee,

And may thine own Heart ever blessed be!
Bless us, dear Lord, and bless the friends
we cherish,

And keep us true to Mary and to thee.

873 (*Tune: E.H. 518; A. & M. 180*)

TO Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

THE SACRED HEART

Deep in his Heart for us
The wound of love he bore;
That love wherewith he still inflames
The hearts that him adore.

O Jesu, Victim blest!
What else but love divine
Could thee constrain to open thus
That Sacred Heart of thine?

O Fount of endless life!
O Spring of water clear!
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto thee draw near!

Hide us in thy dear Heart,
For thither do we fly;
There seek thy grace in life, in death
Thine immortality.

Praise to the Father be,
And sole-begotten Son;
Praise, Holy Paraclete, to thee
While endless ages run.

874 (*Tune: W.H. 84; E.H. 293 adapted*)

TO Jesus' Heart, all burning
With fervent love for man,
My heart with fondest yearning
Shall raise its joyful strain.

*While ages course along,
Blest be with loudest song
The Sacred Heart of Jesus
By every heart and tongue!*

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

O Heart, for me on fire
With love no man can speak,
My yet untold desire
God gives me for thy sake.

Although I have forsaken
Thy love by wilful sin,
Yet now let me be taken
Back by thy grace again.

As thou art meek and lowly
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of thine the counterpart.

When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done,
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying
I'll say I'm all thine own.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

875

(Tune: E.H. 216;

A. & M. 195; W.H. 94; N.W.H. 95)

HAIL, Jesus, hail, who for my sake
Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst
take

And shed it all for me;
O blessed be my Saviour's blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.

To endless ages let us praise
The precious blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

THE PASSION

O sweetest blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore
 The heaven which sin had lost;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
 For those who wrong him most.

Oh! to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred blood excels
 Earth's best and highest bliss!
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
 With those red drops of his.

Ah, there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints,
 When this sweet song we raise.
O louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
 The Precious Blood to praise.

THE PASSION

876 (*Tune: E.H. 105; M.M.H. 60*)

JESUS, Refuge of the weary,
Whom our spirits yearn to love;
Fountain in life's desert dreary,
Saviour from the world above!

O how oft thine eyes, offended,
Gaze upon the sinner's fall;
Yet thou on the Cross extended
Bore the penalty of all.

THE PASSION

But, no vow repentant breathing,
Still we pass thy sacred Cross;
Though, 'neath thorns thy forehead
wreathing,

Dropped the sweat of blood for us.

Yet thy sinless death hath bought us
Life eternal, peace and rest;
What thy grace alone hath taught us
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

Jesus, would our hearts were burning
With more fervent love for thee!
Would our eyes were ever turning
To thy Cross of agony!

So, in pain and rapture blending,
Might our failing eyes grow dim,
While the heart would soar ascending
To the circling Cherubim.

Then, in glory parted never
From the blessèd Saviour's side,
Graven on our hearts for ever
Be the Cross and Crucified!

Then the wounds with which he
bought us
We shall worship evermore,
And the Shepherd good, who sought us,
With enraptured hearts, adore.

877 (*Tune: A. & M. 494; E.H. 346*)

MY Lord, my Master, at thy feet adoring,
I see thee bowed beneath thy load of
woe;

For me, a sinner, is thy life-blood pouring;
For thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears
will flow.

THE PASSION

Thine own disciple to the Jews hath sold
thee,
With friendship's kiss and loyal word
he came;
How oft of faithful love my lips have told thee,
While thou hast seen my falsehood and
my shame.

With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems
thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to
pain;
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in thy
meekness;
When I am wronged, how quickly I
complain!

My Lord, my Saviour, when I see thee
wearing
Upon thy bleeding brow the crown of
thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from
bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?
O Victim of thy love! O pangs most healing!
O saving death! O wounds that I adore!
O shame most glorious! Christ, before thee
kneeling,
I pray thee keep me thine for evermore.

878

(Tune: E.H. 71)

O DEAREST Lord, thy sacred Brow
With thorns was pierced for me,
O pour thy blessing on my head,
That I may think of thee.

THE PASSION

O dearest Lord, thy sacred Hands
With nails were pierced for me;
O send thy blessing on my hands,
That they may work for thee.

O dearest Lord, thy sacred Feet
With nails were pierced for me;
O send thy blessing on my feet,
That thy may follow thee.

O dearest Lord, thy sacred Heart
With spear was pierced for me;
O shed thy blessing on my heart,
That I may live for thee.

879 (*Tune: W.H. 74; E.H. 273; N.W.H. 81*)

SOUL of my Saviour, sanctify my breast;
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest;
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide;
Wash me, ye waters, flowing from his side.

Strength and protection may his passion be;
O blessed Jesu, hear and answer me!
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter
me!

So shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign;
In death's drear moments make me only
thine;

Call me and bid me come to thee in love,
Where I may praise thee with thy saints
above.

THE PASSION

880

(Tune: E.H. 574)

TEARS on thy sacred Face, my God,
Long sorrow told by tears;
A wreath of torture crowns at last
The agony of years.

Thy glory dimmed, thy beauty fled,
Thy tender, touching grace
Beams on us now no longer here,
O sacred, suffering Face.

Grief on thy sacred Face, my God,
The anguish that shall win
Hope for the desolate, with peace
And pardon for the sin,
The sin whose deadly hands have laid
So deep, so sad a trace
On brow, on lips and weeping eyes,
O sacred, suffering Face.

Love on thy sacred Face, my God,
The love that liveth on,
Though light and loveliness and joy
To sight of earth are gone;
The love that calls us to thy feet
And folds in thy embrace
The children of thy tears, my God;
O sacred, suffering Face.

Unclose thy weary eyes, my God,
Bow down thy weary head;
Over the souls that prostrate lie
Thy precious blood be shed.
O royal flood, O golden flood
Of faith, of hope, of grace,
Bless thou the eyes and hearts that seek
Thy sacred, suffering Face.

EASTER

EASTER

881 (*Tune: E.H. 475; A. & M. 410*)

ALL hail, dear Conqueror, all hail!
O what a victory is thine!

How beautiful thy strength appears;
Thy crimson wounds, how bright they
shine!

Thou camest at the dawn of day;
Armies of souls around thee were,
Blest spirits thronging to adore
Thy flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

The everlasting Godhead lay
Shrouded within those limbs divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
That sacred human heart of thine.

They watched those hands the nails had
pierced,
The forehead torn, the wounded side;
Bright flashed the cave—before them stood
The living Jesus glorified.

They worshipped thee, those ransomed
souls,
With the fresh strength of love set free;
They worshipped joyously, and found
Their heaven as they looked on thee.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship him with joyous dread!
O sin, thou art undone by love;
O death, thou are discomfited!

EASTER

881^A (*Tune: Baden Powell or A. & M. 665,
652, 653, 747*)

HAIL! Festal Day! to endless ages
known,
When Christ, o'er death victorious, gained
his Throne.

Hail, etc., after each verse.

Now, with the Lord of new and heavenly
birth,

His gifts return to grace the springing earth.

He reigns supreme, who died the death of
shame;

And all created things adore his Name.

Fulfil thy promise, King of Love, we pray;
The third morn brightens; rise, and come
away.

No mouldering tomb shall hold thee in
repose;

No stone the Ransom of the world enclose.

Who holdest all things in thy hallowed hand,
No rocky barrier can before thee stand.

Cast off the grave clothes; let them there
remain;

Come forth to us, our All, our only gain.

Creator, Fount of Life, thou know'st the
grave;

And thence returning, thou art strong to save.

Light of the world; show us thy face once
more,

The day that died with thee to-day restore.

EASTER

A countless people, from death's bondage
freed,
Own thee Redeemer, following thy lead.
The shades of death are pierced, his laws
undone,
And trembling chaos flees the rising sun.

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✓ **881^B** (Tune: E.H. 289; A. & M. 382)

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day;
Christians haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's Feet;
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead.
Christ the Lord is risen on high;
Now he lives, no more to die.

Christ, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
When in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life;
Christians on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay.
Christ the Lord is risen on high;
Now he lives no more to die.

Say, O wondering Mary, say
What thou sawest on thy way.
"I beheld, where Christ had lain,
Empty tomb and angels twain;
I beheld the glory bright
Of the rising Lord of light;
Christ my hope is ris'n again;
Now he lives, and lives to reign."

EASTER

Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal hope on high!
Hail thou King of victory!
Hail thou Prince of life ador'd!
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

881^c

(Tune: A. & M. 500)

O VOICE of the Belovèd!
Thy Bride hath heard thee say—
“Rise up, My love, My fair one,
Arise and come away.
For lo, 'tis past, the winter,
The winter of thy year;
The rain is past and over,
The flowers on earth appear.
“And now the time of singing
Is come for every bird;
And over all the country
The turtle dove is heard:
The fig her green fruit ripens,
The vines are in their bloom;
Arise and smell their fragrance,
My love, my fair one, come!”
Yea, Lord! Thy Passion over,
We know this life of ours
Hath pass'd from death and winter
To leaves and budding flowers:
No more thy rain of weeping
In drear Gethsemane;
No more the clouds and darkness,
That veil'd thy bitter Tree.

THE HOLY GHOST

Our Easter Sun is risen!

And yet we slumber long,
And need thy Dove's sweet pleading
To waken prayer and song.
Oh breathe upon our deadness,
Oh shine upon our gloom;
Lord, let us feel thy Presence,
And rise and live and bloom.

THE HOLY GHOST

✓ 882 (Tune: E.H. 260; A. & M. 209)

COME gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest.

883 (Tune: E.H. 504)

SPIRIT divine, attend our prayers,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

THE HOLY GHOST

Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us to the realms of life
Where living waters flow.

Come as the fire; and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the dew; and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barren hearts rejoice to feel
The quickening of thy power!

Spirit divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH

884 (*Tune: W.H. 138; N.W.H. App. 15*)

FAITH of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they like them could die for thee!

THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH

Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
England shall then indeed be free.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fathers! guile and force
To do thee bitter wrong unite;
But England's Saints shall fight for us
And keep undimmed thy blessed light.

884^A

FEAST OF DEDICATION

(Tune: Baden Powell or A. & M. 650, 652, 747)

*Hail! festal day! Hail! ever sacred tide,
Wherein the Bridegroom weds the Church, his
Bride.*

Hail, etc., after each verse.

THIS is the court of God; the craving mind
Here wealth of Solomon in peace may find.
Here David's Son, who heaven and earth doth
span,
In this our Mother home is God and Man.
Ye have a harmony with heaven above,
If but the faith be kept, the bond of love.
Here New Jerusalem, all pure and bright,
Descends from God, in bridal vesture dight.

THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH

The King of Righteousness, within this place,
From heaven bestows the font's baptismal
grace.

'Tis here the soul draws nigh to David's shrine,
Here finds the pledges mystical, divine.

This is the Ark of God, which goes before
Our steps, advancing on from shore to shore.

Here Jacob's ladder points the heavenly way;
Here we ascend to life's eternal day.

885 (*Tune: A. & M. 745; E.H. 21, 384*)

*Lift high the Cross, the love of Christ
proclaim,
Till all the world adore his sacred Name.*

Lift, etc., after each verse.

COME, brethren, follow where our
Captain trod,
Our King victorious, Christ the Son of God.
Led on their way by this triumphant sign,
The hosts of God in conquering ranks
combine.

Each new-born soldier of the Crucified
Bears on his brow the seal of him who died.

This is the sign which Satan's legions fear,
The myst'ry which the Angel-hosts revere.

Saved by this Cross whereon the Lord
was slain,

The sons of Adam their lost home regain.

THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH

From north and south, from east and west
they raise

In growing unison their song of praise.

O Lord, once lifted on the glorious Tree,
As thou hast promised, draw men unto thee.

Let every race and every language tell
Of him who saves our souls from death
and hell.

From farthest regions let them homage
bring,

And on his Cross adore their Saviour-King.

Set up thy throne, that earth's despair may
cease

Beneath the shadow of its healing peace.

So shall our song of triumph ever be,
Praise to the Crucified for victory!

885^A (Tune: N.A.M. 476)

IN our day of thanksgiving one psalm let
us offer

For the saints who before us have found their
reward;

When the shadow of death fell upon them,
we sorrowed,

But now we rejoice that they rest in the
Lord.

In the morning of life, and at noon, and at
even,

He call'd them away from our worship
below;

But not till his love, at the font and the Altar,
Had girt them with grace for the way they
should go.

THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH

These stones that have echoed their praises
are holy,
And dear is the ground where their feet
have once trod;
Yet here they confessed they were strangers
and pilgrims,
And still they were seeking the city of
God.

Sing praise, then, for all who here sought and
here found him,
Whose journey is ended, whose perils
are past;
They believe in the Light; and its glory
is round them,
Where the clouds of earth's sorrows are
lifted at last.

In the presence of Jesus the Saints are in
glory,
Who have known him and loved him and
served him below;
Their reward is with him to be happy for
ever
And to follow the Lamb wheresoe'er he
may go.

Blessèd Saints, in the presence of Jesus for
ever,
Be mindful of us who here struggle below;
Intercede for your brethren, who linger in
exile,
That on them life eternal their God may
bestow.

THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH

To the Father who made us be glory forever;
To the Son who redeemed us be honour
and praise;
To the Spirit, whose sevenfold power makes
us holy,
Let the earth its thanksgivings eternally
raise.

886 (*Tune: E.H. 127, 393*)

LORD, her watch thy Church is keeping;
When shall earth thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil!
Was it vain, thy Son's deep anguish,
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

Tidings sent to every creature
Millions yet have never heard.
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word!
Give the word! In every nation
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound!

Then the end; thy Church completed,
All thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banish'd sin!
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death and pain!
Lo, her watch thy Church is keeping;
Come Lord Jesus, come to reign!

THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH

887 (Tune: E.H. 198; A. & M. 367) *Chorale*

ROUND the sacred city gather,
Egypt, Edom, Babylon;
All the warring hosts of error,
Sworn against her, move as one.
Vain the leaguer! Her foundations
Are upon the holy hills;
And the love of the Eternal
All her stately temple fills.

Get thee, watchman, to the ramparts!
Gird thee, warrior, with thy sword!
Be ye strong, as ye remember
That amidst you is the Lord.
Like the night-mists from the valley,
These shall vanish one by one,
Egypt's malice, Edom's envy,
And the hate of Babylon.

But be true, ye sons and daughters,
Lest the peril be within;
Watch to prayer, lest, while ye slumber,
Stealthy foemen enter in.
Safe the mother and the children,
If their will and love be strong,
While their loyal hearts go singing
Prayer and praise for battle-song.

Church of God, if we forget thee,
Let his blessing fail our hand!
When our love shall not prefer thee,
Let his love forget our land!
Nay, to thee shall we be steadfast,
Though the world's foundations
shake;
Love of thee is love for ever,
Love of thee for Jesus' sake.

THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH

Church of Christ, upon thy banner
Lo, his passion's awful sign!
By that seal of his redemption
Thou art his, and he is thine.
From the depths of his atonement
Flows thy sacramental tide;
From the height of his ascension
Flows the grace which is thy guide.

God the Spirit dwells within thee,
His society divine;
His the living word thou keepest,
His thy apostolic line.
Ancient prayer and song liturgic,
Creeds that change not to the end,
As his gift we have received them,
As his charge we will defend.

Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father, Spirit, Son;
In whose will the Church at warfare
With the Church at rest is one;
So to thee we sing in union,
God in earth and heav'n adored,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.

888

(Tune: E.H. 26)

THE Church of God, the holy Church,
Our fathers' and our own,
On Prophets and Apostles built,
And Christ the Corner-Stone!
Upon this rock, 'gainst every shock,
Though gates of hell assail,
She stands secure, with promise sure;
They never shall prevail.

THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH

The Church of God, the holy Church!

When to the font we came,
She took us in her loving arms,
And gave us our new name.
When, faint and weak, fresh strength
we seek,

She brings us food from heaven,
The Living Bread, the Precious Blood,
Whereby new life is given.

The Church of God! We love the Church

Our Saviour holds so dear;
In his own name she speaks, she guides;
Let none refuse to hear!
And when her voice bids us rejoice,
From all our sins released,
It is our Lord that speaks the word
Through his anointed priest.

The Church of God, the holy Church!

O, may we add this vow
To those we made when first the cross
Was signed upon our brow:
Whoever may the Church betray,
Whosever love grows cold,
The Church shall still be dear to us,
Her faith we still shall hold.

THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH

888^A (Tune: E.H. 393) (Repeat last 4 lines)

WHO is she that stands triumphant,
Rock in strength, upon the Rock,
Like some city crowned with turrets,
Braving storm and earthquake shock?
Who is she her arms extending,
Blessing thus a world restored;
All the anthems of creation
Lifting to creation's Lord?

*Hers the Kingdom, hers the sceptre;
Fall, ye nations, at her feet;
Hers the Truth whose fruit is Freedom,
Light her yoke, her burden sweet.*

As the moon its splendour borrows
From a sun unseen all night,
So from Christ the Sun of Justice,
Evermore she draws her light;
Touched by his, her hands have healing,
Bread of Life, Absolving Key!
Christ Incarnate is her Bridegroom,
God is hers, his temple she.

Hers the Kingdom, etc. . . .

Empires rise and sink like billows,
Vanish, and are seen no more;
Glorious as the stars of morning
She o'erlooks the wild uproar;
Hers the Household all-embracing;
She, the Vine that shadows earth;
Blest thy children, mighty Mother;
Safe the stranger at thy hearth.

Hers the Kingdom, etc. . . .

EUCCHARISTIC

889

EUCCHARISTIC

(*Tune: E.H. App. 19*)

FATHER, who dost thy children feed
With manna rainèd from above,
Who dost the saving chalice give,
Filled by thy hand in wondrous love;
We praise thee for thy mercies sent
To us in this great sacrament.

O Word made flesh, whom we adore,
The living Bread sent down from
heaven,
Whose wondrous passion here shown forth
Is the great pledge of sin forgiven;
We praise thee for thy mercies sent
To us in this great sacrament.

O Holy Spirit, who dost deign
These earthly elements to bless,
Making the bread his flesh to be,
The wine his blood, as we confess;
We praise thee for thy mercies sent
To us in this great sacrament.

Ye holy Angels, who with us
Around God's altar lowly bow,
Adoring there the Crucified,
Whose precious death is pleaded now;
O praise him for his mercies sent
To us in this great sacrament.

Ye blessèd Saints enthroned on high.
Who once the paths of earth did tread,
Who reached in safety God's abode,
As strengthened by this living Bread;
O praise him for his mercies sent
To us in this great sacrament.

EUCCHARISTIC

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, whom we love,
Guide, strengthen, save us here below,
And bring us to our home above,
To praise thee for thy mercies sent
To us in this great sacrament.

CORPUS CHRISTI

890 (*Tune: Baden Powell or A. & M. 650, 747*)

*Hail, festal day, in every age divine,
Wherein God hallows to himself a shrine!*

Hail, etc., after each verse.

A DAY of joy, when God dishonours hell,
And saves by grace the souls he loves
so well.

Pure flesh of Christ, death's cure to every age,
The Manna figured in the mystic page.

The Father's Word, the norm of heaven
and earth

Whence sprang the germ of life, creation's
birth.

The Bread of Angels, heaven's imparted
food,

To sinners death, salvation to the good.

True body, centre of the universe,
This conquers hell, redeems us from the
curse.

He took this Body—he th' Incarnate Child
Of Mary, maid and mother undefiled.

EUCCHARISTIC

At supper seated, to the Twelve he gave
His Body with his Blood, from death to save.

God's Wisdom, substance of the blessèd
Maid,

His saving Victim on our altar laid.

By death he conquered death, by death doth
reign:

The Blood and Water purify our stain.

With hands extended, life for death he gave,
To life, the third day, rose he from the
grave.

Thee, Fount and Source of blessing, we
adore,

O grant us light that fades not evermore.

890^A

(Tune: E.H. 624)

*Hail thee, festival day, thrice hallowed for ages
of ages;*

*When to his Church on earth God doth his
Presence impart!*

VANQUISHED are death and hell; in
gladness the festival dawneth;
Sin hath surrendered to grace; life that was
lost is restored.

Here is the Body of Christ, that saveth from
death everlasting,

Food by the manna foretold, writ in the
records of yore.

Here is the Father's Word, of heaven and
earth the Creator;

He, with the Father one, blest with his
Godhead the world.

EUCHARISTIC

Here is the Angels' Bread, to the righteous the
food of salvation,
Bread that availeth not them that receive it
in sin.

He, the Incarnate God, who stablished the
work of creation,
Trampling on hell's dread hosts, ruleth,
Redeemer and King.

He in the fullness of time was born by a
wondrous conception,
Son of a spotless maid, guest of a virginal
womb.

His very Flesh and Blood he took when at
supper reclining,
And the disciples twelve fed with the mystical
gifts.

Thus doth the Virgin-born, the Father's
infinite Wisdom,
Plead as a victim true, laid on the altar of
God.

Throned on the cross in the flesh, o'er death
he triumphed in dying,
Saving the world from sin, cleansed by the
water and blood.

Purchasing life by death, his palms our
ransom extended,
And when the third day dawned, rose in the
flesh from the grave.

Grant us eternal rest, primeval fountain of
blessings!
Ours be the land where day dureth, and night
is unknown!

EUCCHARISTIC

*Hail thee, festival day, thrice hallowed for ages
of ages;
When to his Church on earth God doth his
Presence impart !*

891 (Tune: E.H. 372)

HAIL, thou living Bread from Heaven,
Sacrament of awful might.
I adore thee, I adore thee,
Every moment, day and night !
Heart from Mary's heart created,
Heart of Jesus all-divine,
Here before thee I adore thee;
All my heart and soul are thine !

892 (Tune: E.H. 615; A. & M. 306)

HAIL to thee, O Jesu !
King victorious, hail !
Hail, high priest for ever,
Passed within the veil !
Seated now triumphant
At thy Father's side,
We thy children hail thee,
Jesus glorified !
Father, grant this offering
May accepted be,
Which, as Christ commanded,
Here we make to thee;
For thy Church yet striving
Here in conflict sore;
For thy Church reposing
There, where strife is o'er.

EUCCHARISTIC

By the Incarnation
Of thy well-loved Son,
By his death of suffering,
By his victory won,
By his intercession
Which shall never cease,
Give us now thy blessing,
Grant to us thy peace!

Conquering and to conquer
Goeth forth our King;
We beneath his banner
Sons of victory sing.
Kings and priests of Jesus,
We with him shall reign,
Through the mystic offering
Of the Lamb once slain.

Heavenly choirs unresting
Sing before the throne,
Holy, holy, holy,
To the Three in One,
Sacrifice we offer,
Hymns of triumph raise;
Father, Son, and Spirit,
Thee exalt and praise!

893

(Tune: E.H. 308, 331)

HUMBLY I adore thee, Deity unseen,
Who thy glory hidest 'neath these
shadows mean;
Lo, to thee surrendered, my whole heart is
bowed,
Tranced as it beholds thee shrined within
the cloud.

EUCHARISTIC

Taste and touch and vision are in thee
deceived,
But the hearing only well may be believed;
I believe whate'er the Son of God hath told;
What the Truth hath spoken, that for truth
I hold.

On the Cross lay hidden but thy deity,
Here is hidden also thy humanity;
But in both believing and confessing, Lord,
Ask I what the thief in penitence implored.

Thy dread wounds, like Thomas, though I
cannot see,
His be my confession, Lord and God, of
thee.
Lord, my faith unfeignèd evermore increase;
Give me hope unfailing, love that cannot
cease.

O Memorial wondrous of the Lord's own
death;
Living Bread, that givest all thy creatures
breath!
Grant my spirit ever by thy life may live;
To my soul thy sweetness never-failing give.

Pelican of mercy, Jesu, Lord and God:
Cleanse me, wretched sinner, in thy precious
blood;
Blood, whereof one drop for humankind
outpoured
Might from all transgression have the world
restored.

EUCHARISTIC

Jesu, whom now veiled I by faith behold,
Grant what my soul thirsts for with desire
untold;
That thy face unveiled I at last may see,
Blest by blissful vision, O my God, of thee!

894 (*Tune: A. & M. 716; M.M.H. 50*) *Eccles.*

I HUNGER and I thirst;
Jesu, my manna be;
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My lifelong wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.

Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me thy sweetness prove,
Renew my life with thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, thou Bread of God;
Help me, thou Son of Man!

For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

EUCCHARISTIC

895 (*Tune: E.H. 417; A. & M. 28;
W.H. 72; N.W.H. App. 3*)

JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift
So far surpassing hope or thought?
Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore!
O make us love thee more and more!

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love thee with, my dearest King.
O with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!

O see, within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm or Mary's knee!

Thy body, soul, and Godhead all,
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have,
For all thou hast and art is mine.

Sound, sound his praises higher still,
And come, ye Angels, to our aid!
'Tis God! 'Tis God! the very God
Whose power both men and angels
made!

Part ii

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells!
And wave, O wave, ye censers bright!
'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's Son,
And God of God, and Light of Light!

EUCCHARISTIC

O earth grow flowers beneath his feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
He comes! he comes! O heaven on earth!
Our Jesus comes upon his way!

He comes! he comes! the Lord of hosts,
Borne on his throne triumphantly!
We see thee and we know thee, Lord;
And will if need be die for thee.

Our hearts leap up; our trembling song
Grows fainter still; we can no more;
Silence! and let us weep, and die
Of very love, while we adore.
Great Sacrament of love divine!
All, all we have or are be thine!

896

(Tune: M.M.H. 66)

JESUS, in thy dear sacrament
Thy cross I cannot see;
But the Crucified is offered here,
And he was slain for me.

Jesus, in thy dear sacrament
Thy flesh I cannot see;
But that flesh is given to be our food,
And it was scourged for me.

Jesus, in thy dear sacrament
Thy blood I cannot see;
But the chalice glows with those red
drops
On Calvary shed for me.

Jesus, in thy dear sacrament
Thy face I cannot see;
But angels here behold the brow
Thorn-crowned for love of me.

EUCCHARISTIC

Jesus, in thy dear sacrament
Thy heart I cannot see;
But that fiery heart is prisoned here,
And it was pierced for me.

Jesus, in thy dear sacrament
Thy Godhead none may see;
But thou art present, God and Man,
In thy sacrament with me.

897

(Tune: E.H. 444)

JESUS is here with us,
Jesus is here.
Earth fades from us away,
Heaven's gate is near.
Doubt not, sad heart, nor fear,
For thy dear Lord is here,
Jesus is here.

First-fruits of Bethlehem,
Thee we adore;
God in his House of Bread
Tarries once more;
God with us! O how dear
Is thy blest presence here!
Jesus is here.

Jesus here pleads, for man
Pardon to win,
One perfect sacrifice
Offered for sin;
Sinful man's sins to bear,
The Lamb of God is here,
Jesus is here.

EUCCHARISTIC

898 (Tune: E.H. 26, 526)

LORD Jesu, in thy sacrament
Most worthy of all praise,
Who yet art robbed of honour still,
And scorn'd in these our days :

*Our Lord and God, we thee adore,
Unworthy though we be;
And give thee thanks who givest us
The faith to worship thee.*

While many scorn thy presence, Lord,
Accept the faithful few,
Who in their stead would render thee
The praise that is thy due.

Grant that in England soon may dawn
The day of faith and love,
When all shall know thy presence here
Which Angels know above.

899 (Tune: E.H. 371)

O JESU, Lord, remember,
When thou shalt come again
Upon the clouds of heaven
With all thy shining train,

When every eye shall see thee
In Deity revealed,
Who now upon this altar
In silence art concealed,

Remember then, O Saviour,
I supplicate of thee,
That here I bowed before thee
Upon my bended knee;

EUCCHARISTIC

That here I owned thy presence,
And did not thee deny,
And glorified thy greatness,
Though hid from human eye.

Accept, divine Redeemer,
The homage of my praise;
Be thou the light and honour
And glory of my days.

Be thou my consolation
When death is drawing nigh;
Be thou my only treasure
Through all eternity.

900

(Tune: A. & M. 681)

O WORSHIP Jesus now,
For he is here;
Before his altar bow,
For he is here.
The Lamb of God once slain
Is offered now again.
Pleading for sinful men,
Jesus is here.

Angels are kneeling round,
For he is here.
They guard the holy ground,
For he is here.
And even children dare
A feeble part to bear,
And in their praise to share:
Jesus is here.

EUCCHARISTIC

We hear his voice so blest,
For he is here.

Stillin' our hearts to rest
For he is here.

Before his altar-throne
Lay every burden down,
And every need make known,
For he is here.

Then worship and adore,
For he is here.

Then love him more and more,
For he is here.

O Feast of priceless worth,
Our Saviour's death shown forth!
Yea, this is heav'n on earth!
Jesus is here.

901 (*Tune: W.H. 78; N.W.H. App. 4*)

SWEET Sacrament divine!
Hid in thy earthly home,
Lo, round thy lowly shrine
With suppliant hearts we come.
Jesu, to thee our voice we raise
In songs of love and heartfelt praise,
Sweet Sacrament divine!

Sweet Sacrament of peace!
Dear home for every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease
And sorrows all depart.
There in thine ear all trustfully
We tell our tale of misery,
Sweet Sacrament of peace!

EUCCHARISTIC

Sweet Sacrament of rest!

Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within thy shelter blest

Soon may we reach the shore.
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves,
Sweet Sacrament of rest!

Sweet Sacrament divine!

Earth's light and jubilee,
In thy far depths doth shine

Thy Godhead's majesty.
Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray,
That earthly joys may fade away,
Sweet Sacrament divine!

902 (Tune: E.H. 489; N.A.M. 307)

THERE was a time in England,
A time of faith and love,
When men believed that Jesus
Came down from heaven above;
Came down, and on his altar,
In consecrated Host,
Vouchsafed to all who sought him
Love to the uttermost.

The multitudes pressed round him
And thronged his holy seat,
Only to touch his garment,
Only to kiss his feet;
And from him went forth virtue,
And healing powers, and grace;
They knew his loving presence,
Who might not see his face.

EUCHARISTIC

Then came the unbelievers,
They wrecked the house of God;
The Sacrament of Jesus
Beneath their feet they trod;
Tore down the sacred altar,
Defiled his holy shrine;
Cast out the mystic presence
Of Jesus, Lord divine.

But as for us, to Jesus
In faith and hope we turn,
Again would see the lamp light
Before the altar burn,
The lamp that speaks of Jesus,
Our Master and our Lord,
Who dwells upon his altar,
By Angel-hosts adored.

O deep be our repentance,
Accepted may it be;
And so from sin and evil
Shall we at length be free;
Then may we hope for pardon
From God who reigns above,
And hope shall make us sharers
In Jesu's perfect love.

O Mary, God's own Mother,
Pray for our native-land;
And ye, O Saints and Angels,
Around the throne who stand;
Pray for our darkened country,
That faith may live again,
That Jesus in his Sacrament
Once more supreme may reign!

EUCHARISTIC

903

(*Tune: W.H. 73; E.H. 534*)

WHEN the loving Shepherd,
Ere he left the earth,
Shed to pay our ransom
Blood of priceless worth—
These his lambs so cherished,
Purchased for his own,
He would not abandon
In the world alone.

Ere he makes us partners
Of his realm on high,
Happy and immortal
With him in the sky—
Love immense, stupendous,
Makes him here below
Partner of our exile
In this world of woe.

Jesus, Food of Angels,
Monarch of the heart;
O that I could never
From thy face depart;
Yea, thou ever dwellest
Here for love of me,
Hidden thou remainest
God of majesty.

Soon I hope to see thee,
And enjoy thy love,
Face to face, sweet Jesus,
In thy heaven above.
But, on earth an exile,
My delight shall be
Ever to be near thee,
Veiled for love of me.

EUCCHARISTIC

904

(Tune: E.H. 204)

WHEN the Patriarch was returning
Crowned with triumph from the fray,
Him the peaceful king of Salem
Came to meet upon his way;
Meekly bearing bread and wine,
Holy Priesthood's awful sign.

On the truth thus dimly shadowed
Later days a lustre shed;
When the great High-Priest eternal,
Under form of wine and bread,
For the world's immortal food
Gave his flesh and gave his blood.

Wondrous gift! The Word who fashioned
All things by his might divine,
Bread into his body changes,
Into his own blood the wine;—
What though sense no change perceives,
Faith admires, adores, believes.

He who once to die a Victim
On the cross did not refuse,
Day by day upon our altars,
That same Sacrifice renews;
Through his holy priesthood's hands,
Faithful to his last commands.

While the people all uniting
In the Sacrifice sublime
Offer Christ to his high Father,
Offer up themselves with him;
Then together with the priest
On the living Victim feast.

PENITENTIAL

PENITENTIAL

905 (Tune: E.H. 429; A. & M. 627)

GOD made me for himself, to serve him
here

With love's pure service and in filial fear;
To show his praise, for him to labour now;
Then see his glory where the angels bow.

All needful grace was mine, through his
dear Son,
Whose life and death my full salvation won;
The grace that would have strengthened me,
and taught,
Grace that would crown me when my work
was wrought.

And I, poor sinner, cast it all away;
Lived for the toil or pleasure of each day;
As if no Christ had shed his precious blood,
As if I owed no homage to my God.

O Holy Spirit, with thy fire divine,
Melt into tears this thankless heart of mine;
Teach me to love what once I seemed to hate
And live to God, before it be too late.

906 (Tune: E.H. 301; A. & M. 367)

GOD of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity upon me;

Father, let me call thee Father,
'Tis thy child returns to thee,

Jesus, Lord, I ask thy mercy;

Let me not implore in vain;

All my sins I now detest them;

Never will I sin again!

PENITENTIAL

By my sins I have deservèd
Death and endless misery,
Hell with all its pains and torments,
And for all eternity.

By my sins I have abandoned
Right and claim to heaven above,
Where the Saints rejoice for ever
In a boundless sea of love.

See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
On the cross of Calvary;
To that cross my sins have nailed him,
Yet he bleeds and dies for me.

907

(Tune: E.H. 593)

GOD the Father, who didst make me
To adore and worship thee,
Who didst fashion and create me
Thine for evermore to be.
Often from thy ways I've wandered
E'en each day and every hour;
Time so precious, spent and squandered,
Let me now with tears deplore.

Jesus Christ, who didst redeem me
From eternal misery,
Who didst shed thy blood to save me,
On the cross of Calvary,
O what sorrow there I caused thee,
O what bitter agony!
By that cross, I now beseech thee,
Look with pity down on me.

PENITENTIAL

Holy Ghost, whose grace descended
Sevenfold to strengthen me,
By which grace my soul was cleansèd
From its dark iniquity.
Many gifts oft-time I've slighted:
Gifts bestowed so lovingly,
But for love so unrequited,
Now at least thy child I'll be.
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Ever Blessèd Trinity;
O what love from me thou claimest
For such wondrous charity!
Thou, O God, hast made and saved me;
Thou alone my word shalt be:
Take me then to love and serve thee,
Now and in eternity.

908

(Tune: E.H. 161)

LORD, I have sinnèd: pardon me
The faults for which I grieve;
In mercy to thy tender arms
Thy sinning child receive.
Give me true sorrow for my sins,
And all their guilt to see;
Soften my heart, and give me tears
To render back to thee.
It is thy voice that calls me back,
Thy voice that bids me come;
Thy loving hand that is outstretched
To lead the wanderer home.
Hold thou me fast, for I am weak,
Too weak to stand alone;
Give me the grace to tell my fault,
And all my sin to own.

PENITENTIAL

The wrong that unashamed I did,
May I with shame confess;
Nor seek to shield myself from blame,
Nor make my fault seem less.

Then o'er my sinful soul do thou
Thy precious blood outpour;
And let thy lips forgiveness speak,
And bid me sin no more.

909

(Tune: M.M.H. 82)

LOW at thy piercèd feet,
L Saviour of all,
Helpless and sorrowful,
Prostrate I fall.

O cast me not away,
Forgive my sin this day,
Forgive my sin,
All, all my sin.

Sinful my life has been,
Unclean, unclean;
All my iniquity
Thine eye has seen.

Cleanse thou my soul to-day,
Wash all my sins away,
In thine own blood,
Thy precious blood.

By all thy grief and pain,
Forgive me now;
Before thy cross in shame
Lowly I bow.

Lord, let that blood of thine
Wash now this soul of mine;
Wash thou my soul,
My guilty soul.

PENITENTIAL

Thou didst for me endure
Dread Calvary,
Sin's punishment and shame,
All, all for me.
On thee the guilt was laid,
By thee my debt was paid,
To set me free,
And keep me free.

Lord, I accept thee now,
Accept thou me;
I have delayed too long,
And grievèd thee.
By all thy love to me,
I give myself to thee;
Make me thine own,
All, all thine own.

910

(Tune: M.M.H. 88)

O COME to the merciful Saviour who
calls you,
O come to the Lord who forgives and
forgets,
Though dark be the fortune on earth that
befalls you,
There's a bright home above where the sun
never sets.
O come then to Jesus, whose arms are
extended
To fold his dear children in closest
embrace!
O come, for your exile will shortly be
ended,
And Mary will lead you to gaze on his face.

PENITENTIAL

Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy
grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of his
love,
And fear not, 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow
lighter
As you think of the home and the glory
above.

Have you sinned as none else in the world has
before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in
guilt?
O fear not, and doubt not, the mother who
bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose
blood you have spilt.

O come then to Jesus, and say how you love
him,
And swear at his feet you will keep in his
grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move
him
To bid you return to his tender embrace.

Then come to his feet, and lay open your
story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of
shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of his glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to his
name.

PENITENTIAL

911 (Tune: E.H. 80; A. & M. 638)

O GOD, to know that thou art just,
Gives hope and peace within;
We could not in a mercy trust
Which takes no count of sin.

I fain would open to thy sight
My utmost wickedness;
Set, Lord, in thy most searching light
What I have done amiss.

No stern and needless law was thine,
Hard to be understood;
But plainly read in every line,
Holy and just and good.

Though basely weak my fallen race,
And masterful my foes,
I had the omnipotence of grace
To conquer, if I chose.

Well did I know the tender heart
I outraged by my sin;
Yet with the world I would not part,
Nor rein my passions in.

My fault it was, O Lord most high,
And not my fate alone:
Thou canst not suffer sin, nor I
In any way atone;

Yet there's a plea that I may trust:
Christ died that I might live.
Cleanse me, my God, for thou art just
Be faithful, and forgive.

PENITENTIAL

Wm. G. Walker

✓ 912 (*Tune: E.H. 99, 415; A. & M. 773*)

O MY Saviour, lifted
From the earth for me,
Draw me, in thy mercy,
Nearer unto thee.

Speed these lagging footsteps,
Melt this heart of ice,
As I scan the marvels
Of thy sacrifice.

Lift my earth-bound longings,
Fix them, Lord above;
Draw me with the magnet
Of thy mighty love.

Lord, thine arms are stretching,
Ever far and wide,
To enfold thy children
To thy loving side.

And I come, O Jesus:
Dare I turn away?
No! thy love hath conquered,
And I come to-day:

Bringing all my burdens—
Sorrow, sin and care;
At thy feet I lay them,
And I leave them there.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

912^A (Tune: A. & M. 384)

ARISE, O Ark of Christ the Lord!
To thy celestial station,
While Angel hosts with one accord
Sing out their acclamation.
Above the Seraphs take thy stand,
Henceforth from sorrow resting,
All-glorious at the King's right hand,
In gold and brodered vesting.

O Lily of the valleys fair!
O sealed and crystal fountain!
Thy place is nearest to him there
Upon his holy mountain.
The Saints and Angels see his face,
All bowed in adoration,
Thou, Mary, gazest, full of grace,
With Mother's exultation.

He came to thee, a Babe alone,
From all his pomp descending;
Thou camest radiant to his throne,
With Virgin choirs attending.
Once poorest of all earth hath seen,
God's handmaid, meek and lowly,
Now thou art crowned of heaven the Queen,
And foremost of the holy.

That crown with twelve pure stars bedight
It rays around is shedding;
The sun hath made thy raiment bright,
Thy feet the moon are treading.
Yet as of old at Nazareth,
Beside his cradle kneeling,
And later, at the Cross of death,
Thy soul to anguish steeling.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Though rob'd and crown'd, thou lowly art,
O stainless Mother-maiden,
And feelest for each human heart
With sin and sorrow laden.

Then to thy Son for sinners pray,
As Mother interceding,
Ask on, he will not say thee nay,
But grant thee all thy pleading.

Arise, O Ark of Christ the Lord!
To thy celestial station,
While Angel hosts with one accord
Sing out their acclamation.
To God the Father praise be done,
Who gave thee grace and merit;
Praise be to Christ, thine only Son,
And to thy Spouse, the Spirit.

913 (Tune: W.H. 126; A. & M. 598;
E.H. 41)

AVE Maria! O Maiden, O Mother,
Fondly thy children are calling on thee!
Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the sea!

*Mater amabilis, ora pro nobis,
Pray for thy children who call upon thee;
Ave sanctissima! Ave purissima!
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the sea!*

Ave Maria! the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee;
Earth's lonely exiles for succour are calling,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the sea!

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling,
Words of endearment are murmured to
thee;

Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the sea!

Ave Maria! thou portal of heaven,
Harbour of refuge, to thee do we flee,
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the sea!

914

(Tune: E.H. 500)

BLESSED Mary, full of grace,
Gazing into Jesu's face;
O, that I his face may see!
Mother Mary, pray for me.

Blessèd Mary, far above
Us poor sinners in thy love:
O that I might love like thee!

Blessèd Mary, undefiled:
Sleeping may I be thy child;
Pure and holy may I be.

Blessèd Mary, when I wake,
Guard my thoughts for Jesu's sake,
That of him they first may be:

Blessèd Mary, thou didst shew
Patience under blame and woe:
That I too may silent be,

Blessèd Mary, borne to rest
On thy Son and Saviour's breast:
Till his welcome I shall see,
Mother Mary, pray for me.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

915

(Tune: E.H. 589, 415)

CHRIST, our God and Saviour,
Unto thee we sing,
And to thee the praises
Of thy Mother bring.

O how pure and spotless
Must have been that breast,
Where the King of Angels
Did not scorn to rest!

Every generation
Her shall blessèd call,
Who was made the Mother
Of the Lord of all.

Angels have no honour
To compare with this;
Happy Maid and Mother,
Who can tell thy bliss?

Jesu, who on Mary
Didst such grace bestow,
Let thy streams of mercy
To us also flow.

So through life we'll journey,
Nourished by thy grace,
And at last with Mary
See thee face to face.

Jesu, Son of Mary,
Glory be to thee,
Glory to the Father
And the Spirit be. Amen.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

THE ASSUMPTION

915^A

(E.H. 242)

Solis, O Virgo, radiis amicta.

CLOTHED with the sun's bright gleaming
rays, O Virgin,
With the twelve stars thy sacred head
surrounded,
While for thy feet the moon is made thy
footstool,
Glorious thou shinest.

Conquering death and every snare infernal,
Ever with Christ for us thou intercedest;
Lo, earth and sky conspire to sing thy praises,
O queen most mighty.

Yet the dread serpent ever threatens evil
Unto thy sons of old to thee entrusted;
Break thou his neck, who fain would work our
ruin,
Mother most loving.

Keep in God's faith thy servants ever steadfast,
Lead back the wanderers to the sacred
sheepfold;
Bring from all lands the peoples long
enshrouded
In death's dark shadow.

Pray in thy mercy pardon for the guilty,
Help those that mourn, in sorrow, need or
sickness;
Shine bright to all who toil on life's hard
journey,
Sure hope of safety.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Praise to the Trinity most high for ever,
Which gave to thee the crown of life, O
Virgin,
And on us sinners thee in love bestoweth,
Our queen and mother. Amen.

✓ 916

(Tune: E.H. 568)

DAILY, daily, sing to Mary,
Sing my soul, her praises due;
All her feasts, her actions worship
With the heart's devotion true.
Lost in wondering contemplation
Be her majesty confest;
Call her mother, call her Virgin,
Happy Mother, Virgin blest.

She is mighty to deliver;
Call her, trust her lovingly:
When the tempest rages round thee,
She will calm the troubled sea.
Gifts of heaven she has given,
Noble Lady, to our race:
She, the Queen, who decks her subjects
With the light of God's own grace.

Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,
Who for us her Maker bore;
For the curse of old inflicted,
Peace and blessing to restore,
Sing in songs of praise unending,
Sing the world's majestic Queen,
Weary not nor faint in telling
All the gifts she gives to men.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

All my senses, heart, affections
Strive to sound her glory forth:
Spread abroad the sweet memorials
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
Where the voice of music thrilling,
Where the tongue of eloquence,
That can utter hymns befitting
All her matchless excellence?

All our joys do flow from Mary,
All then join her praise to sing;
Trembling sing the Virgin Mother,
Mother of our Lord and King.
While we sing her awful glory,
Far above our fancy's reach,
Let our hearts be quick to offer
Love the heart alone can teach.

917

(Tune: E.H. 645)

EVERY generation,
Mary, calls thee blest,
Lady, first of women
By the Church confessed,
Since Saint Gabriel's message
Fell upon thine ear,
Filling thee with gladness,
And with holy fear.
Daughter, meek, obedient
To the Father's word,
Mary, Israel's Lily,
Who heaven's tidings heard;
Virgin, yet a Mother,
Though we know not how,
Matron, Maid for ever,
Christ's dear Mother thou.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Mary, Star of Ocean,
Light amid the gloom,
Since the true Light tarried
In thy spotless womb;
Evermore we love thee,
Shrine of Royal Child,
Mother of our Saviour,
Maiden undefiled.

Though so far above us,
Mother, thou art ours
In the world's dark conflict,
And in death's dark hours.
In our hearts we throne thee,
To thy Son we bow,
Giving him the glory,
Christ's dear Mother thou.

Pattern thou of meekness,
Purity and love,
Crowned with stars for beauty,
In the home above;
All thy children bring thee
Praise with one accord,
For thou art our Mother,
Mother of our Lord.

THE SEVEN SORROWS

September 15th

918

(Tune: E.H. 177)

GOD of mercy! let us run
Where yon fount of sorrows flows;
Pondering sweetly one by one,
Jesu's wounds and Mary's woes.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Ah! those tears our Lady shed,
Enough to drown a world of sin;
Tears our Saviour's sorrow fed
Peace and pardon well may win!

His five wounds a very home
For our prayers and praises prove;
And our Lady's woes become
Endless joys in heaven above.

Jesus, who for us didst die,
All on thee our love we pour,
In the Holy Trinity
Praising thee for evermore. Amen.

919 (*Tune: E.H. App. 54; E.W.H. 101*)

HAIL! Queen of heaven, the ocean Star,
Guide of the wanderer here below!
Thrown on life's surge we claim thy care,
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, Star of the sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

O gentle, chaste and spotless Maid,
We sinners make our prayers through thee
Remind thy Son that he has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest Advocate, we cry,
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

And while to him who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The Source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee.
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

920 (Tune: *W.H.* 112; *E.H.* 495)

I'LL sing a hymn to Mary,
The Mother of my God,
The Virgin of all virgins,
Of David's royal blood.
O teach me, holy Mary,
A loving song to frame;
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

O Lily of the Valley,
O Mystic Rose, what tree
Or flower, e'en the fairest,
Is half so fair as thee?
O let me, though so lowly,
Recite my Mother's fame.
O noble Tower of David,
Of gold and ivory,
The Ark of God's own promise,
The Gate of Heaven to me.
To live, and not to love thee,
Would fill my soul with shame.

When troubles dark afflict me,
In sorrow and in care,
Thy light doth ever guide me,
O beauteous Morning Star.
So I'll be ever ready,
Thy goodly help to claim.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

The Saints are high in glory,
With golden crowns so bright;
But brighter far is Mary
Upon her throne of light.
O, that which God did give thee,
Let mortal ne'er disclaim.

But in the crown of Mary
There lies a wondrous gem,
As Queen of all the Angels,
Which Mary shares with them.
No sin hath e'er defiled thee—
So doth our faith proclaim;
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

920^A

(Tune: *Lourdes*)

IMMACULATE Mary,
Our hearts are on fire,
That title so wondrous
Fills all our desire.
Ave, Ave, Ave Maria,
Ave, Ave, Ave Maria.

We pray for our Mother,
The Church upon earth,
And bless, our sweet Lady,
The land of our birth.

O Mary, O Mother,
Reign o'er us once more,
Be England thy "dowry"
As in days of yore.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

We pray for all sinners
And souls that now stray
From Jesus and Mary
In heresy's way.

For poor, sick, afflicted,
Thy pity we crave;
And comfort the dying,
Thou light of the grave.

There is no need, Mary,
Nor ever has been,
Which thou canst not succour,
Immaculate Queen.

In grief and temptation,
In joy and in pain,
We'll seek thee, our Mother,
Nor seek thee in vain.

O bless us, dear Lady,
With blessings from heaven,
And to our petitions
Let answer be given.

In death's solemn moment
Our Mother be nigh,
As children of Mary
O teach us to die.

And crown thy sweet mercy
With this special grace,
To behold soon in heaven
God's ravishing Face.

Now to God be all glory
And worship for aye,
And to God's Virgin Mother,
And endless Ave.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

THE CORONATION

921

(*Tune: E.H. 466*)

IN splendour arrayed,
In vesture of gold,
The Mother of God
In glory behold!
O Daughter of David,
Thou dwellest on high,
Excelling in brightness
The hosts of the sky.

O Maiden thou art
A Mother renowned;
A Mother who yet
As Virgin art crowned;
The Lord of the Angels,
God high and supreme,
Took flesh of thy substance,
The world to redeem.

All kindreds and tongues
Thine Offspring adore,
Creation must bow
His footstool before;
At thy gentle pleadings
May he from his height
Disperse all our shadows
And fill us with light.

The Father we praise,
Who chose for his Son
A Mother all-pure,
Th' immaculate one.

All praise to her offspring
Who saveth our race;

Like praise to the Spirit,

Who filled her with grace. Amen.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

CANDLEMAS

922 (*Tune: A. & M. 528; E.H. 209*)

JOY! Joy! the Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The Christ, the King of kings;
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings.

Saint Joseph follows near,
In rapture lost and love,
While Angels round about
In glowing circles move,
And o'er the Mother broods
The everlasting Dove.

There in the temple-court
Doth Simeon's heart beat high;
And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy;
But see! the shadows pass,
The world's true Light draws nigh.

O Infant God, O Christ,
O Light most beautiful,
Thou comest, Joy of joys,
All darkness to annul;
And brightest lights of earth
Beside thy Light are dull.

923 (*Tune: A. & M. 296*)

LET Cherubim and Seraphim upraise
Their blissful songs in holy Mary's praise,
The Ever-Virgin Mary!

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Princedoms,
Powers,

In hymns exalt your holy Queen and ours,
The glorious Virgin Mary.

Let Angels and Archangels all unite
In praise of her who bore the Light of light,
The blessed Virgin Mary.

Let Patriarchs the growing chorus swell,
In praise of her whose Son slew death and
hell,
The mighty Virgin Mary.

Ye Prophets, praise the Woman long foretold;
Now, cloth'd with sun and crowned with stars,
behold
The promised Virgin Mary.

Ye Twelve Apostles, spread her praise abroad,
The Daughter, Mother, and the Spouse of
God:
The holy Virgin Mary.

Ye Martyrs, who for Jesus shed your blood,
Praise her who weeping stood beside the
Rood,
The Queen of Martyrs, Mary.

Confessors meek, her greater share acclaim
In Jesus' glory, as in Jesus' shame,
The faithful Virgin Mary.

Ye Virgin Choirs, in sweetest measure sing
The Virgin Mother of the Virgin King,
The stainless Virgin Mary.

All holy and all humble men of heart,
In Mary's praise rejoice to take your part:
The lowly Virgin Mary.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Let Holy Church throughout the world
rejoice
To celebrate her praise with heart and voice,
Our Blessèd Lady, Mary.

THE PERPETUAL SUCCOUR

924

(Tune: E.H. 127)

MARY, from thy sacred image,
With those eyes so sadly sweet,
Mother of Perpetual Succour,
See us kneeling at thy feet.
In thy arms thy Child thou bearest,
Source of all thy joy and woe;
What thy bliss, how deep thy sorrows,
Mother, thou alone canst know.

On thy face he is not gazing,
Nor on us is turned his glance;
For his anxious look he fixes
On the cross, the reed, the lance.
To thy hand his hands are clinging,
As a child would cling in fear
Of that vision of the torments
Of his passion drawing near.

And for him thine eyes are pleading,
While to us they look and cry:
"Sinners, spare my Child! Your
Saviour

Seek not still to crucify!"
Yes, we hear thy words, sweet Mother,
But, poor sinners, we are weak:
At thy feet thy helpless children
Thy Perpetual Succour seek.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Succour us, when clouds of sadness
Hide the light of heaven above,
Hope expires, and faith scarce lingers,
And we dare not think we love.
In that hour of gloom and peril
Show to us thy radiant face.
Smiling down from thy loved image
Rays of cheering light and grace.
Succour us, when stormy passions
Sudden rise within the heart;
Quell the tempest, calm the billows,
Peace secure to us impart.
Through this life of weary exile
Succour us in every need;
And, when death shall come to free us,
Succour us, ah! then indeed.

THE CORONATION

925

(Tune: E.H. 415 or 603)

MARY, Mother holy,
Mary, throned on high,
Sing we softly, lowly,
Hear thy children's cry.

High above in glory
Angels love to sing;
We too know thy story
And our praises bring.

Twelve bright stars about thee,
Robed in heaven's blue:
Shelter us, who love thee
As Christ bade us do.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

England needs thy praying,
Mary, full of grace,
That, thy Son obeying,
We may see his face.

Stretch thy hands above us,
Bid thine Angels come;
Watch us, help us, love us,
Till we reach thy home.

WALSINGHAM

925^A

(*Tune: E.H. App. 9*)

MARY of Walsingham, Mother of Jesus,
Pray for thy Dowry, the land that we love:
England has need of thy mighty protection,
Pour on thy children thy gifts from above.

Thou who didst summon thy servant
Richeldis,

Bidding her build to thine honour a Shrine,
Help us to follow in thy blessed footsteps,
Framing our lives on the pattern divine.

Countless the pilgrims whose footsteps have
echoed

Down through the years along Walsingham's
Way;

Countless the prayers that thy children have
offered;

Mary of Walsingham, hear us, we pray.

Many long years saw thine Image neglected,
Only the few sought the help of thy prayers:
Walsingham's Shrine now again in its beauty
Welcomes each pilgrim who thither repairs.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Pray for us then, blessèd Mary, our Mother,
Pray for thy children who kneel at thy
Shrine,
Pray that thy Son upon England thy Dowry,
Pour down his favours and blessings divine.
So shall we praise thee with ceaseless
thanksgiving,
So shall we sing of thy love and thy power,
So shall we feel thy protection and comfort
All through our lives and in death's solemn
hour.

WALSINGHAM

(ENGLAND'S NAZARETH)

925^B

WHEN Christ was born in Bethlehem,
The Angels worshipped and adored;
And Kings and Shepherds bowed the knee
To him, their Saviour and their Lord.

For thirty years in Nazareth
His Mother worshipped at the shrine
Of him who came in human form
To save the world—your Lord and mine.

For thirty years in Nazareth
He lived a hidden life of prayer;
And then went forth to work and die
And every human burden share.

A thousand years have passed away;
Another Nazareth must rise
In England's fair and lovely land,
Beneath the clear and azure skies.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

So Mary, God's own Mother blest,
Seeks out Richeldis, lady fair,
And bids her build at Walsingham
A second Nazareth of prayer.

Richeldis hastens to obey;
And soon the builders' work is done:
The Shrine of England's Nazareth
Proclaims the Mother and the Son.

But times did come when impious hands
Were laid upon that holy place;
And men who knew not Mary's love
Did Mary's holy Shrine deface.

Four hundred years again have passed;
Once more the Mother of our Lord
Is shrined and honoured where her Son
Upon his Altar is adored.

So, when you come to Walsingham,
Remember this, and mark it well:
It is to Nazareth you come,
Where Jesus, Mary, Joseph, dwell.

926

MOTHER of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What shall I ask of thee?
I do not sigh for the wealth of earth,
For the joys that fade and flee:
But, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This do I long to see,
The bliss untold which thine arms enfold,
The Treasure upon thy knee.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
He was all in all to thee;
In Bethlehem's cave, in Nazareth's home,
In the hamlets of Galilee:
So, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
He will not say nay to thee;
When he lifts his face to thy sweet
embrace,
Speak to him, Mother, of me.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
The world will bid him flee.
Too busy to heed his gentle voice,
Too blind his charms to see.
Then, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
Come with thy Babe to me;
Though the world be cold, my heart
shall hold
A shelter for him and thee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What shall I do for thee?
I will love thy Son with the whole of my
strength,
My only King shall he be.
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This will I do for thee,
Of all that are dear or cherished here,
None shall be dear as he.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
I toss on a stormy sea;
O lift thy Child as a beacon-light
To the port where I fain would be;
And, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This do I ask of thee—
When the voyage is o'er, O stand on the
shore,
And show him at last to me.

927 (*Tune: W.H. 102; E.H. 484 or App. 16*)

MOTHER of mercy, day by day
My love for thee grows more
and more:
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way
Like sand upon the great sea-shore.
Though poverty and work and woe
The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does
not know
Darkness is light with love of thee?
But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God;
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.
They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me;
For whom did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee?
Get me the grace to love thee more;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
O I shall love thee then indeed!

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Jesus, when his three hours were run,
Bequeath'd thee from the Cross to me;
And O how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?

928

(Tune: E.H. 26)

O MOTHER! will it always be
That every passing year
Shall make thee seem more beautiful,
Shall make thee grow more dear?

*How close to God, how full of God,
Dear Mother, must thou be!
For still the more we know of God,
The more we think of thee.*

We knew thee to be free from stain,
As in the sun's white beam;
We knew God's Mother must be great
Above what we could dream.

We knew thy sorrows and thy joys;
We knew thee full of grace;
We seem to know thy very heart,
The look upon thy face.

Yet now it seems we knew thee not:
Each feast day we begin
To know thee in a truer way,
And truer love to win.

O Mother, thou art like the life
The blessed lead above,
Unchangeable, yet growing still
In glory and in love.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

929

(Tune: E.H. 409,)

O MY tongue, the praise and honours
Of the Mother-Maid rehearse,
Whose divine and gracious Offspring
Frees us from the ancient curse.

Lost are we in loving wonder,
While her bliss we contemplate;
Happy as a stainless Mother,
Blessèd in her Virgin state.

Eve's transgression closed the portals
Of earth's paradise to man;
But at Mary's meek obedience
Heaven to ope its gates began.

We through Eve received the sentence
With eternal vengeance rife;
But the Way that came through Mary
Leads to everlasting life.

Mother, yet a stainless Virgin,
He who deigned thy Son to be
Is the King of kings, and Maker
Of the sky and earth and sea.

Bless we now the King victorious,
Who doth thee for Mother own;
Born of thee for our salvation,
He our health and peace alone.

May he then to thee conform us,
May he give a heart like thine,
Hating sin, and loving Jesus,
Filled with purity divine.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

930 (*Tune: W.H. 106; E.H. 29 adapted*)

O PUREST of creatures, sweet Mother,
sweet Maid,
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was
laid.

Dark night hath come down on us, Mother,
and we

Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of
the sea.

Deep night hath come down on this rough-
spoken world,

And the banners of darkness are boldly
unfurled;

And the tempest-tost Church—all her eyes
are on thee,

They look to thy shining, sweet Star of
the sea.

The Church doth what God had first taught
her to do.

He looked o'er the world to find hearts that
were true;

Through the ages he looked, and he found
none but thee,

And he loved thy clear shining, sweet Star
of the sea.

He gazed on thy soul; it was spotless and fair;
For the empire of sin—it had never been
there;

None ever had owned thee, dear Mother, but
he,

And he blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of
the sea.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Earth gave him one lodging; 'twas deep in
thy breast;
And God found a home where the sinner finds
rest;
His home and his hiding-place both were in
thee,
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of
the sea.

O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal
breast;
For the heaven he left he found heaven in
thee,
And he shone in thy shining, sweet Star of
the sea.

THE ANNUNCIATION

931 (*Tune: E.H. 615; A. & M. 305*)

O F the maiden holy
We rejoicing sing,
Mary, meek and lowly,
Mother of the King:
Christ, his glory hiding,
Was conceived to-day;
And, with her abiding,
Willed awhile to stay.

Every generation
Shall proclaim her blest,
In whom our Salvation,
Jesus, deigned to rest;
For, without forsaking
His eternal throne,
Flesh of her flesh taking,
Came the Holy One.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Maiden fair and beauteous,
Now we bid thee Hail,
Who with heart so duteous
Heard'st the Angel's tale:
There hath been none other
Favoured like to thee;
God's most blessèd Mother
Called by him to be.

Jesu, born of Mary,
Sole-begotten One:
Friend who canst not vary,
God's eternal Son.
Now, our hearts possessing,
Come, Incarnate Word,
That thy fullest blessing
May on us be poured.

THE ROSARY

932

(Tune: E.H. 137)

QUEEN of the Holy Rosary!
O bless us as we pray
And offer thee our roses
In garlands day by day;
While from our Father's garden,
With loving hearts and bold,
We gather to thine honour
Buds white, and red, and gold.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Queen of the Holy Rosary!

Each mystery blends with thine
The sacred life of Jesus
In every step divine.
Thy soul was his fair garden,
Thy virgin breast his throne,
Thy thoughts his faithful mirror
Reflecting him alone.

Sweet Lady of the Rosary!

White roses let us bring,
And lay them round thy footstool
Before our Infant King.
For, nestling in thy bosom,
God's Son was fain to be
The Child of thy obedience
And spotless purity.

Dear Lady of the Rosary!

Red roses cast we down;
But let thy fingers weave them
Into a worthy crown.
For how can we poor sinners
Do aught but weep with thee,
When in thy train we follow
Our God to Calvary?

Queen of the Holy Rosary!

What radiancy of love,
What splendour and what glory
Surround thy court above!
O in thy tender pity,
Dear source of love untold,
Refuse not this our offering,
Our flowers white, red, and gold.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

933

(Tune: E.H. 577)

REMEMBER, holy Mary,
'Twas never heard or known
That any one who sought thee
And made to thee his moan—
That any one who hastened
For shelter to thy care
Was ever yet abandoned
And left to his despair,
And so to thee, my Mother,
With filial faith I call,
For Jesus dying gave thee
As mother to us all.
To thee, O Queen of virgins,
O Mother meek, to thee
I run with trustful fondness,
Like child to mother's knee.
See at thy feet a sinner,
Praying and grieving sore—
Ah! throw thy mantle o'er me,
And let me stray no more.
Thy Son has died to save me,
And from his throne on high
His heart this moment yearneth
For even such as I.
All, all his love remember,
And O remember too
How prompt I am to purpose,
How slow and frail to do.
Yet scorn not my petitions,
But patiently give ear,
And help me, O my Mother,
Most loving and most dear.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

934

(Tune: A. & M. 450)

SHALL we not love thee, Mother
dear,

Whom Jesus loves so well;
And to his glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell?

*Yes, we will love thee, Mother dear,
Whom Jesus loves so well.*

Bound with the curse of sin and shame
We helpless sinners lay,
Until in tender love he came
To bear the curse away.

And thee he chose, from whom to take
True flesh his flesh to be;
In it to suffer for our sake,
By it to make us free.

Thy babe he lay upon thy breast,
To thee he cried for food;
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
Th' Incarnate Son of God.

O wondrous depth of grace divine
That he should bend so low!
And, Mary, O what joy 'twas thine
In his dear love to know!

Joy to be Mother of the Lord,
And thine the truer bliss,
In every thought and deed and word
To be for ever his.

And as he loves thee, Mother dear,
We too will love thee well;
And to his glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Jesu, the Virgin's holy Son,
We praise thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore.

*Jesu, the Virgin's holy Son,
We praise thee and adore.*

THE ASSUMPTION

935

(Tune: A. & M. 528; W.H. 105;
E.H. 209)

SING, sing, ye angel bands,
All beautiful and bright:
For higher still and higher
Through fields of starry light
Mary, your Queen, ascends
Like the sweet moon at night.

A fairer flower than she
On earth hath never been;
And, save the throne of God,
Your heavens have never seen
A wonder half so bright
As your ascending Queen.

O happy Angels! look,
How beautiful she is!
See! Jesus bears her up,
Her hand is locked in his;
O who can tell the height
Of that fair Mother's bliss?

And shall I lose thee then,
Lose my sweet right to thee?
Ah, no—the Angels' Queen
Man's Mother still will be;
And thou, upon thy throne,
Wilt keep thy love for me.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

936

(*Tune: C.C. 59; E.H. 15*)

MAY

THE happy birds Te Deum sing,
'Tis Mary's month of May;
Her smile turns winter into spring,
And darkness into day;
And there's a fragrance in the air,
The bells their music make,
And O the world is bright and fair,
And all for Mary's sake.

Where'er we seek the holy Child,
At every sacred spot,
We meet the Mother undefiled;
Who shun her seek him not:
At cloistered Nazareth we see,
At haunted Bethlehem,
The throne of Jesus, Mary's knee,
Her smile, his diadem.

The Daughter, Mother, Spouse of God,
None silence her appeal
Who long to tread where Jesus trod,
What Jesus felt to feel.
O Virgin-born, from thee we learn
To love thy Mother dear;
Her teach us duly to discern,
And rightly to revere.

To love the Mother, people say,
Is to defraud the Son;
For them, alas, there dawns no May,
Until their hearts are won:
Then, when their hearts begin to burn,
Ah, then, to Jesus true,
And loving whom he loves, they learn
To love Saint Mary too.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

How many are the thoughts that throng
On faithful souls to-day!
All year we sing our Lady's song,
'Tis still the song of May:
Magnificat! O may we feel
That rapture more and more;
And chiefly, Lord, what time we kneel
Thine altar-throne before.

'Tis then, when at thy feet we pray,
We share our Lady's mirth;
Her joy we know who hail to-day
Thy Eucharistic birth;
That trembling joy to Mary sent,
Ah, Christians know it well,
With whom in his dear sacrament
Their Saviour deigns to dwell.

Yes, Mary's month has come again,
The merry month of May;
And sufferers forget their pain,
And sorrows flee away,
And joys return, the hearts whose moan
Was desolate erewhile
Are blithe and gay, once more they own
The charm of Mary's smile.

Thy Son our Brother is, and we,
Whatever may betide,
A Mother, Mary, have in thee,
A guardian and a guide;
Thy smiles a tale of gladness tell
No words can ever say;
If but, like thee, we love him well,
The year will all be May.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

All hail! An angel spake the words
We lovingly repeat;
The song-notes of the singing birds
They are not half so sweet:
This is a music that endures,
It cannot pass away,
For Mary's children it ensures
A never-ending May.

937

(Tune: A. & M. 337)

WOULD'ST thou twine a
wreath for Mary,
Of flowers that never die,
Of fragrant blossoms wafting
Pure incense to the sky?
Say thou with deep devotion,
In joy, in grief, in care,
The Angel's heaven-born Ave,
The Saint's and sinner's prayer.

Haste with the maiden Mother
From Nazareth's retreat,
O'er bleak Judea's mountains,
Elizabeth to greet.
Then to the lowly manger
With Bethlehem's shepherds bring
Gifts for the new-born Saviour,
Our infant God and King.

Hear Simeon's song of rapture,
Behold the ransomed Child;
Earth now to heaven has offered
A victim undefiled.

With Mary seek for Jesus,
And live these hidden years,
Share all their joys and sorrows,
Pay tribute of thy tears.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Stand by when Calvary's shadows
Close round her broken heart;
Thy sins too were his burden;
Take thou a mourner's part.
Weep by his tomb, and comfort
The sorrow-stricken Queen,
Until her eyes the Risen
And Glorified have seen.

And when the closing heavens
Have hid him from her gaze,
Stay with the faithful Mother
Through life's remaining days.
Lift up thine eyes when Jesus
Lays on his Mother's brow
The crown of fadeless splendour
She wears beside him now.

Then lay thy lowly tribute
Before her throne, nor fear
The beauteous Queen of Angels
Thy whispered words will hear;
And sweeter far than music
Of earth her voice will be,
Imploring love and mercy
From Jesus' heart for thee.

938

(Tune: E.H. 218, 568)

Daily Daily

YE who own the faith of Jesus,
Sing the wonders that were done,
When the love of God the Father
O'er our sin the victory won,
When he made the Virgin Mary
Mother of his only Son.
Hail, Mary, full of grace.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Blessèd were the chosen people
Out of whom the Lord did come;
Blessèd was the land of promise
Fashion'd for his earthly home:
But more blessèd far the Mother,
She who bare him in her womb.

For the King of men and Angels
Chose her out of all he made,
And in robes of grace and glory
Her humility arrayed;
With the radiant sun he clothed her,
At her feet the moon he laid.

Thus prepared, and thus exalted,
Lowly still, and still unknown,
Mary waited till the fullness
Of her destiny was shown,
Till the Maid became God's Mother,
And her nursing arms his throne.

So of her that loved and suffered
Was our better Samuel born;
So did Sion's Virgin Daughter
Laugh Assyria's might to scorn;
So did Esther, daring all things,
Lift again the captives' horn.

Wherefore let all faithful people
Tell the honour of her name,
Let the Church in her foreshadowed
Part in her thanksgiving claim;
What Christ's Mother sang in gladness,
Let Christ's people sing the same.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Let us weave our supplications,
She with us and we with her,
For th' advancement of the faithful,
For each faithful worshipper,
For the doubting, for the sinful,
For each heedless wanderer.

May the Mother's intercessions
On our homes a blessing win,
That the children all be prosper'd
Strong and fair and pure within,
Following our Lord's own footsteps,
Firm in faith and free from sin.

For the sick and for the agèd,
For our dear ones far away,
For the hearts that mourn in secret,
All who need our prayers to-day,
For the faithful gone before us,
May the holy Virgin pray.

As we sing, her prayer is rising,
For her heart with us is one;
We with confidence will ask it,
That the Mother from her Son
May obtain the full fruition
Of his work in us begun.

Praise, O Mary, praise the Father,
Praise thy Saviour and thy Son,
Praise the everlasting Spirit,
Who hath made thee Ark and Throne;
O'er the Seraphim exalted,
Lowly praise the Three in One.

Amen.

THE SAINTS

THE SAINTS

ST. ANNE

July 26th

939

(Tune: E.H. 198, 393)

HOLY Anna! Juda's glory!
Through the Church from east to
west

Every tongue proclaims thy praises,
Sinless Mary's Mother blest.

*Under thy protecting banner
Here assembled in thy name,
Mary's Mother, gracious Anna,
Grace and help of thee we claim.*

Saintly kings and priestly forebears
Blended in thy sacred line;
Thou in virtue those before thee
Didst excel by grace divine.

Linked in bonds of purest wedlock,
Thine it was for us to bear,
By the favour of high heaven,
Our salvation's morning star.

From thy stem in beauty blossomed
Ancient Jesse's mystic rod;
Earth from thee received the Mother
Of the Almighty Son of God.

All the human race benighted
In the depth of darkness lay;
When in Anne it saw the dawning
Of the long-expected day.

THE SAINTS

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

ST. AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY

May 28th

940 (*Tune: E.H. 301; A. & M. 316*)

LIFT the song, O Christian brothers,
Lift it high to him we love!
From the full heart's depth arising,
It shall reach his throne above.
What is more our bounden duty,
What more truly meet and right
Than to bless the Lord who brought us
Out of darkness into light?

Deep in gloom of deathly error
Once our heathen fathers lay;
Through the land their steel had conquered
Scarcely shone the gospel-ray:
Till, the lifeless bones to quicken,
And the ruined work restore,
Came at last our own Augustine,
Preaching Christ on Thanet shore.

With his mission-band around him,
And the cross upheld on high,
Spake the Saint to prince and people,
Made them feel that heaven was nigh;
Taught the truth by pure example,
Showed the joy of Christian ways,
Where the humble cry for pardon
Ends in sweet and thankful praise.

THE SAINTS

What though brief the time allowed him,
Small the space his labours filled,
He was first to clear the pathway,
First to gather, first to build;
First to lead a Saxon kingdom
To his Master's royal feet:
Loved for this, when later workers
Made the sacred task complete.
So do thou, eternal Shepherd,
Thou, from age to age the same,
Hear our gladsome Alleluia
Mingled with Saint Austin's name;
Hear, and grant the Church he planted
Stronger yet through faith to be;
And this ancient Christian nation
Keep, O keep it true to thee.

ST. GEORGE

April 23rd

941

(Tune: E.H. 393)

HAIL, Saint George for merry
England,
Soldier of the eternal King
Victor in the fight for heaven,
We thy loving praises sing.

*Great Saint George, our Patron, help us !
In the conflict be thou high;
Help us in that daily battle
Where each one must win or die !*

Praise him who in deadly battle
Never shrank from foeman's sword,
Proof against all earthly weapons,
Gave his life for Christ the Lord.

THE SAINTS

He, when earthly war was over,
Fought, but not for earth's renown;
Fought, and won a nobler glory,
Won the Martyr's purple crown.

Help us when temptation presses;
We have still our crowns to win!
Help us when our souls are weary
Fighting with the powers of sin.

Clothe us in thy shining armour,
Place thy good sword in our hand;
Teach us how to wield it, fighting
Onward towards the heav'nly land.

Onward till, our striving over,
On life's battlefield we fall;
Resting then, but ever ready,
Waiting for the Angel's call.

942 (*Tune: A. & M. 195*)

O NOBLE Martyr, thee we sing,
O soldier worthy of thy King,
Saint George, our Patron Saint!
A heathen ruler to defy,
And for thy Master, Christ, to die,
Thou didst not fear nor faint.

Those arms, unstained by coward fear,
Now red with thine own blood appear,
All soiled is thy face;
That bloody robe is whitened now,
That soil upon thy noble brow
Shines like a crown of grace.

THE SAINTS

May we, in Jesus' armour light,
Share in the white-robed Martyr's fight,
To reap a like renown;
And, militant, on earth below,
Through him withstand our ghostly foe,
And win our heav'nly crown.

To Christ our King all praise be given,
The Prince of Martyrs throned in
heaven,
Who suffer'd for the lost;
To God the Father glory be,
And honour, laud, and praise to thee,
O God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

943

(Tune: E.H. 380)

PRAISE we now Saint George our
Patron,
Athlete in the heav'nly race;
Victor in the royal contest,
He beholds his Master's face,
Palm and laurel crown receiving
In his own appointed place.

Long the conflict, fierce the torment,
For his Lord he gained renown,
Till the tyrant's last devices
Mightier grace were forced to own,
Till at last the ancient dragon
Sees his power overthrown.

Trophy-bearer, now he beareth
Trophies to his Captain's feet;
Soldier-Martyr, now he leadeth
Heavenly legions, as is meet,
And for us, still fighting, pleadeth
At Christ's holy mercy-seat.

THE SAINTS

Pray for us, Saint George our Patron,
For thine England intercede,
Till from error purged, forgiven,
One in truth we chant our creed,
Till the Sacrifice she offers,
Catholic in word and deed.

Now to God the Father glory;
Glory be to God the Son,
Who, triumphant in the contest,
In his Saint hath victory won;
To the Holy Spirit glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

ST. JOHN, APOSTLE

Dec. 27th

944

(Tune: E.H. 370)

AN exile for the faith
Of thy Incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
Thy soul unprisoned soared:

There saw in glory him
Who liveth, and was dead;
There Juda's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled.

There of the kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime,
How, sown in martyrs' blood, the faith
Should spread from clime to clime.

There the new city, bathed
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw,
And gloried in the sight.

THE SAINTS

Now to the Lamb's clear fount,
To drink of life their fill
Thou callest all: O Lord, in me
This blessed thirst instil.

To Jesus, Virgin-born,
Praise with the Father be;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity. Amen.

945 (*Tune: E.H. 496; A. & M. 230*)

SAINTE of the Sacred Heart,
Sweet teacher of the Word,
Partner of Mary's woes,
And favourite of thy Lord!
Thou to whom grace was given
To stand where Peter fell;
Whose heart could brook the Cross
Of him it loved so well!

We know not all thy gifts;
But this Christ bids us see,
That he who so loved all
Found more to love in thee.
When the last evening came,
Thy head was on his breast,
Pillowed on earth, where now
In heaven the Saints find rest.

Dear Saint! I stand far off,
With vilest sins opprest;
O may I dare, like thee,
To lean upon his breast?
His touch could heal the sick,
His voice could raise the dead!
O that my soul might be
Where he allows thy head!

THE SAINTS

The gifts he gave to thee
He gave thee to impart;
And I, too, claim with thee
His Mother and his Heart.
Ah, teach me, then, dear Saint,
The secrets Christ taught thee,
The beatings of his Heart,
And how it beats for me.

ST. JOSEPH

March 19th

May 1st

946

(Tune: E.H. 407)

DEAR Husband of Mary! Dear Nurse
of her Child!

Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild;
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we
see:

Sweet Spouse of our Lady, we lean upon
thee!

For thou to the pilgrim art father and guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;
Ah, blessed Saint Joseph, how safe should I
be,

Sweet Spouse of our Lady, if thou wert with
me!

O blessed Saint Joseph, how great was thy
worth

The one chosen shadow of God upon earth!
The guardian of Jesus—ah, then wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, a guardian to me?

THE SAINTS

When the Treasures of God were unsheltered
on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy
worth:
O guardian of Jesus, be guardian to me,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, and I will love
thee.

947

(Tune: E.H. 198)

GREAT Saint Joseph, Son of David,
Foster-father of our Lord,
Spouse of Mary ever Virgin,
Keeping o'er them watch and ward.
In the stable thou didst guard them
With a father's loving care;
Thou by God's command didst save them
From the cruel Herod's snare.

Three long days in grief and anguish
With his Mother, sweet and mild,
Mary Virgin, didst thou wander,
Seeking the belovèd Child.

In the temple thou didst find him:
O, what joy then filled thy heart!
In thy sorrows, in thy gladness
Grant us, Joseph, to have part.

Clasped in Jesus' arms and Mary's,
When death gently came at last,
Thy pure spirit sweetly sighing
From its earthly dwelling passed.
Dear Saint Joseph, by that passing
May our death be like to thine;
And with Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
May our souls for ever shine.

THE SAINTS

948

(*Tune: C.H. 97; E.H. 554*)

HAIL, holy Joseph, hail!
Chaste Spouse of Mary, hail!
Pure as the lily-flower
In Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Who wast Christ's father deemed:
Father be thou to those
Thy foster-Son redeemed.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the house of God,
May his best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestowed.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Comrade of Angels, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
And guide the steps that fail.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wast thou alone;
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Teach us our flesh to tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts
That love Saint Joseph's name.

Mother of Jesus, bless,
And bless, ye Saints on high,
All meek and simple souls
That to Saint Joseph cry.

THE SAINTS

949

(Tune: E.H. 188, 242)

JOSEPH, the glory of the Church
triumphant,
Sure hope of life, and stay of things created.
Deign to accept our tribute, as we offer
Our joyful praises.

By the Creator thou alone wast chosen
Spouse of the Virgin, Guardian of the
Incarnate,
And by thy care for them wast made the
helper
Of our salvation.

When the Redeemer, sung by all the prophets,
Lay in the manger, born on earth an infant,
Thou at his face didst gaze with joy, and
kneeling
Humbly adored him.

He at whose glance the hosts of hell must
tremble,
He to whom earth and heaven owe obedience,
Monarch of monarchs, all creation's ruler,
To thee was subject.

God Three in One, to thee be praise and
glory,
Who to Saint Joseph gav'st undying honour;
Grant to thy servants at his intercession
Joys everlasting. Amen.

THE SAINTS

950

(Tune: E.H. 431, 507)

SOUND our glorious Patron's praises,
Raise the song for him whose name,
Linked with Mary's through all ages,
Loving children loud proclaim.
Holy Joseph, Jesus' guardian,
Hear us thy protection claim.

Stainless as a virgin-lily,
Spouse of heaven's spotless Queen,
Thou didst comfort and protect her,
Sharing in her sorrows keen.
Holy Joseph, kind consoler,
In our griefs on thee we lean.

Guardian of the Infant Saviour,
How can he resist thy prayer?
In thine arms he rested safely,
And he trusted to thy care.
Holy Joseph, draw us near thee,
That we may rest safely there.

Spouse of Mary, make us humble,
Keep us pure as thou wast pure;
Faithful keeper of God's treasures,
Guard the Church's faith secure.
Holy Joseph, do thou lead us:
Make our heavenward pathway sure.

Sing we to the Triune Godhead
Honour, glory, power and praise!
May he, at Saint Joseph's pleading,
Deign his children's souls to raise,
Cleansed from stains of earthly combat,
To his reign of endless days!

THE SAINTS

ST. JOHN BAPTIST

950^A (*Tune: E.H. 198, 301, 393*)

JOHN, the Prophet of the Highest,
Herald of the promis'd Day,
Sent to them that sat in darkness,

To prepare Messiah's way:
None among the sons of women
Greater hath appear'd on earth;
For the Holy Spirit's power
Sanctified thee ere thy birth.

Greeted from afar by Prophets,
Thou didst come as was foretold
By Saint Gabriel, God's archangel,
Wondrously of parents old.

Thou, unborn, didst worship Jesus,
Blessèd Mary's Son divine;
Joying in his sacred Presence
Hidden in the Virgin-Shrine.

Holy John, by years of fasting
(Rough thy clothing, scant thy fare),
In the wilderness abiding,

For thy call thou didst prepare;
Till to thee, the new Elijah,
From th' Almighty came the word
That as Prophet and Forerunner
Thou should'st go before the Lord.

Thou didst cry aloud, "Repent ye,
For God's Kingdom now is near;"
And baptis'd unto repentance

All who heard with holy fear;
Thus averting God's damnation,
Which to sinful man was owed;
And preparing all the faithful,
Ere the Lord his Presence show'd.

THE SAINTS

Then all righteousness fulfilling,
Jesus was baptis'd by thee,
Who didst deem thyself unworthy
Of so great a dignity.

Thou didst see the Holy Spirit
Resting on the Chosen One:
Thou didst hear the Father saying
"This is my beloved Son."

Thou didst show thy faith in Jesus,
God's own Lamb of Sacrifice,
Given to atone for sinners,
And for sins to pay the price.
Unto Jesus Christ the Saviour
Thy disciples thou didst send;
Christ increasing, thou decreasing,
Christ the Bridegroom, thou his friend.

On behalf of thy disciples,
From the Saviour thou didst seek:
"Art thou he that was expected,
O thou Healer of the weak?"
That at his so lowly Presence
They might no offence receive,
But might know Messiah's power,
And, like thee, on him believe.

Fearing not the wrath of Herod,
Unto God alone in awe,
Champion for the truth, and constant
To maintain God's holy law,
Thou wast brave and strong to suffer,
Suffer all things for the right,
Till for righteousness a Martyr,
Victor thou didst fall in fight.

THE SAINTS

John the Baptist, great Forerunner,
We before Christ's Presence bow,
Praising him, and thee, and Mary:
May thy prayers be with us now,
That we may be faithful always,
Striving still for righteousness,
And the holy Name of Jesus
May with thee for e'er confess.

950^B

(Tune: A. & M. 462)

HERALD, in the wilderness
Breaking up the road,
Sinking mountains, raising plains,
For the path of God.

Prophet, to the multitudes
Calling to repent,
In the way of righteousness
Unto Israel sent;

Messenger, God's chosen One
Foremost to proclaim,
Proffered titles passing by,
Pointing to the Lamb;

Captive, for the word of truth
Boldly witnessing;
Then in Herod's dungeon-cave
Faint and languishing;

Martyr, sacrificed to sin
At that feast of shame;
As his life foreshowed the Lord,
In his death the same—

THE SAINTS

Holy Jesus, when he heard,
Went apart to pray:
Thus may we our lesson take
From his Saint to-day.

ST. PETER

June 29th

951

(Tune: A. & M. 211)

SEEK ye a Patron to defend
Your cause?—then, one and all,
Without delay upon the Prince
Of the Apostles call.

*Blest holder of the heavenly keys!
Thy prayers we all implore:
Unlock to us the sacred bars
Of heaven's eternal door.*

By penitential tears thou didst
The path of life regain;
Teach us with thee to weep our sins
And wash away their stain.

The Angel touched thee, and forthwith
Thy chains from off thee fell;
O loose us from the subtle coils
That link us close with hell.

Firm rock whereon the Church is based!
Pillar that cannot bend!
With strength endue us; and the faith
From heresy defend.

The weapons which our ancient foe
Against us doth prepare,
Crush thou: nor suffer us to fall
Into his deadly snare.

THE SAINTS

Guard us through life; and in that hour
When our last fight draws nigh,
O'er death, o'er hell, o'er Satan's power
Gain us the victory.

THE TRANSFIGURATION

August 6th

951^A

(Tune: A. & M. 461)

FOR ever would we gaze on thee,
O Lord, upon the Mount;
With Moses and Elias see
That light from Light's own Fount.

For ever with the chosen three
Would stand upon that height,
And in that blessed company
Be plunged in pure delight.

For ever would we train the ear
To that celestial Voice;
In thee, the Son of God, so near,
For evermore rejoice.

Here would we pitch our constant tent,
For ever here abide;
And dwell in peace and full content,
Dear Master, at thy side.

But no! not yet to man 'tis given
To rest upon that height;
'Tis but a passing glimpse of Heaven;
We must descend and fight.

Beneath the Mount is toil and pain;
O Christ, thy strength impart;
Till we, transfigured too, shall reign
For ever where thou art.

THE SAINTS

ST. MICHAEL

September 29th

951^B

(*Tune: E.H. 431*)

HOLY Michael, great Archangel,
Nerve thine arm and bare thy
sword,
Lead us with thy dazzling legions,
In the battle for the Lord:
Sure defence and trusty safeguard,
Let thy mighty strength afford.

Not with flesh and blood we wrestle,
Not as man with man contend,
But against the powers of darkness,
Who on craft and lies depend:
Treachery and shame and violence,
All the cause of Hell befriend.

Through God's threefold fair creation,
Through the earth, the sea, the sky,
Wander Satan's loathly spirits,
Luring souls of men to die:
Cast them down, O Prince of Angels,
By the Power of God most high.

All who pouring out their life blood,
More than conquer in the fight,
All who in the unequal combat,
Fall beneath the oppressor's might:
Christ the King's great Standard-
bearer,
Lead into the Holy Light!

THE SAINTS

ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

December 29th

952

(Tune: E.H. 63)

HAIL the love and power amazing
Of th' Incarnate Living Word!
Year by year the song upraising,
Join we all with one accord,
Holy Saints and Martyrs praising,
Who have died for Christ the Lord.

Sing we how, for naught esteeming
Tyrant's rage, a Prelate dies,
How the murderer's weapon gleaming
Altar's sanctity defies;
Yet the Martyr's life-blood streaming
Still for pardoning mercy cries.

How he lived a life laborious,
Be the saintly story told;
How he died a Martyr glorious,
Prelate wise, Confessor bold;
How he reigns in heaven victorious,
Robed in white, with crown of gold.

To the Lord of all creation,
In whose love the Martyrs rest,
To the God of our salvation,
Whom their dying breath confessed,
Honour, praise, and adoration,
Father, Son, and Spirit blest.

COMMON

953

(Tune: A. & M. 296)

SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven; O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

THE SAINTS

Ye powers who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height

The holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again

In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice

Ye who have gained at length your palms in
bliss,

Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this:

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your
King,

This is sweet rest for weary ones brought
back,

This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall
lack,

While thee, by whom were all things made,
we praise

For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays

Almighty Christ, to thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to thee we bring.

954

(Tune: A. & M. 36)

THE Saints all crowned with glory,
In heaven's eternal day,
To Jesus our Redeemer
For our salvation pray.

*The Saints our dearest brothers,
Who now with Jesus dwell;
The world may scorn and mock them,
But we will love them well.*

DEATH AND THE DEPARTED

We love the sacred Virgin,
The Mother of our God;
We love the Lord's Apostles,
Who in his footsteps trod.

We love the noble Martyrs,
The Virgin choir we love,
The Matrons and Confessors,
And all the Saints above.

Then, Jesus, let thy Mother
And all the Saints entreat,
That we may share their glory,
And worship at thy feet.

DEATH AND THE DEPARTED

955

(Tune: E. H. 92, 140)

HELP, Lord, the souls which
thou hast made,
The souls to thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

Those holy souls, they suffer on,
Resigned in heart and will,
Until thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.

For daily falls, for pardon'd crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of thy Cross sublime,
The remnant of thy woe.

Help, Lord, the souls which thou
hast made,
The souls to thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

DEATH AND THE DEPARTED

O, by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain:

O by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame;
O by their very helplessness,
O by thy own great name:

Good Jesu, help! sweet Jesu, aid
The souls to thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

956

(Tune: E.H. 426)

JESUS, ever-loving Saviour,
Thou didst live and die for me;
Living, I will live to love thee,
Dying, I will die for thee.
By thy life and death and sorrow
Help me in my agony.

When the last dread hour approaching
Fills my guilty soul with fear.
All my sins rise up before me,
All my virtues disappear.
Turn not thou in anger from me;
Mary, Joseph, then be near.

Kindest Jesu, thou wast standing
By thy foster-father's bed
While thy Mother, softly praying,
Held her dying Joseph's head.
By that death so calm and holy,
Soothe me in that hour of dread.

DEATH AND THE DEPARTED

Mary, thou canst not forsake me,
 Virgin-mother undefiled;
 Thou didst not abandon Jesus,
 Dying, tortured, and reviled.
 Let Thy loving prayers console me:
 Mary, help thy guilty child.

Jesus, when in cruel anguish
 Dying on the shameful tree,
 All forsaken by thy Father,
 Thou didst hang in agony.
 By those three long hours of sorrow
 Thou didst purchase hope for me.

When the priest, with holy unction,
 Prays for mercy and for grace,
 May the tears of deep compunction
 All my guilty stains efface.
 Let me find in thee a refuge,
 In thy heart a resting-place.

Then, by all that thou didst suffer,
 Grant me mercy in that day;
 Help me, Mary, my sweet Mother,
 Holy Joseph, near me stay.
 Let me die, my lips repeating,
 Jesus, mercy! Mary, pray!

✓ 957 (Tune: A. & M. 185; E.H. 370) *H. Bull*

NOW pray we for our dead,
 Lord Jesu, Saviour blest,
 To thee our loved ones we commend:
Grant them eternal rest.

Wash them in thy pure blood,
 And take them to thy breast,
 Their sins remember thou no more:

DEATH AND THE DEPARTED

They owned thee Lord and God,
Thy holy name confessed;
Forsake them not that hoped in thee :

On them the load of life
Full often sorely pressed;
Now they have laid their burden down :

Within thy Sacred Heart,
As in a peaceful nest,
Let their tried spirits find repose :

Thy covering wing extend,
To them give shelter blest,
And let no foe disturb their peace :

So pray we for our dead;
Thou, Lord, who knowest best,
Hast called them hence—thy
will be done.

958

WHEN day's shadows lengthen,
Jesu, be thou near;
Pardon, comfort, strengthen,
Drive away my fear;
Love, and hope be deepened,
Faith more strong and clear.

He who stands beside me
Cometh to proclaim
Pardon for contrition,
Glory for my shame,
Saying, "I absolve thee
In Christ's blessèd Name."

DEATH AND THE DEPARTED

Come, thou Food of Angels,
Source of every grace:
In thy Father's mansions
Give me soon a place;
That unveiled in glory
I may see thy face.

Stay thou with me, Jesus,
Till my foes shall flee;
Hidden God and Saviour,
Thou my comfort be!
Food, and Priest, and Victim,
Let me feed on thee.

Then shall Holy Unction
Bring its strengthening grace;
And its joy shall render
Brightness to my face:
Jesu's Heart my refuge
And my resting-place.

So no fears shall chill me
On that unknown shore;
For in death he conquered,
And can die no more:
His hand guards and guides me
To the City's door.

Blessèd warfare over!
Endless rest alone!
Tears no more, nor sorrow,
Neither sigh nor moan;
But the song of triumph
Round about the throne!

HEAVEN

959

(Tune: E.H. 574)

AMIDST the City's golden towers
A throne of light doth stand;
And there the King, sun-crowned,
doth bear

A splendour on each hand.
O Jesus, by thy sacred wounds,
Be evermore our friend,
Until we reach, through gates of pearl,
Our journey's blissful end.

Beside the altar and the throne
Doth rise a shining stream:
And life and joy and light for all
Are blended with its gleam.

O Jesus, by thy precious blood,
Be with us evermore,
Until, with all our sins forgiven,
We pass the temple's door.

Within the temple's holiest shrine,
Where stands the mightiest choir,
With beatings of a deathless love
Doth throb a sea of fire.

O Jesus, by thy sacred heart,
Through griefs and pains and fears,
Uplift us to thy sheltering home,
And wipe away all tears.

Thou dwellest where that home of love
Is filled with light divine,
Whilst weary wand'ers on the earth
In lingering darkness pine.

O Jesus, pitiful and kind,
With loving eyes look down,
That on our darkened way may fall
The brightness of thy crown.

HEAVEN

960

(Tune: *W.H. 239*)

THERE is a land of peace and love,
Where troubled hearts find rest;
No gloom, nor storm, nor lonely night
Can ever dim th' eternal light
Of that bright home above.

Angels and sainted throngs are there
Circling the throne of God;
Crowned with twelve stars, a Virgin Queen
In the pure light of God is seen
Immaculate and fair.

No sorrow e'er can reach that shore,
And there no tear shall fall:
Earth's glories all shall pass away,
Lost in the light of endless day,
And grief shall be no more.

And O when on our raptured gaze
Shall break the sight of God,
Then shall our harboured spirits rest
Rapt in the vision of the blest
'Mid songs of ceaseless praise.

How sweet for wearied souls to rest
Near to the Sacred Heart,
Sheltered within Love's sacred shrine,
Resting at Jesus' feet divine,
There to be ever blest.

Then shall life's fevered toil be o'er,
And restless hearts be calm;
Then shall these anxious yearnings cease,
And troubled spirits rest in peace
On heaven's eternal shore.

HEAVEN

Fear not, though still earth's darkening
gloom

O'ershadows life's lone path;
Jesus has shown the heavenward way,
Which leads to realms of endless day,
To our dear Father's home.

961

(Tune: E.H. 645)

THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them
Clad in robes of white?

He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the Martyrs,
Says, I *will* be crowned;
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love:
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

Shame upon you legions
Of the heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with lute and tabor
Fool away the light,
When he bids you labour,
When he tells you, Fight!

HEAVEN

While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper thou of beauty
On the other side.
Tell who will the story
Of our *now* distress:
O the future glory!
O the loveliness!

962

(Tune: E.H. 204, 350)

WHO can paint that lovely city,
City of true peace divine,
Whose pure gates, for ever open,
Each in pearly lustre shine;
Whose abodes of glory clear
Nought defiling cometh near?

There no stormy winter rages;
There no scorching summer glows;
But through one perennial spring-tide
Bloom the lily and the rose,
With the myrrh and balsam sweet,
And the fadeless violet.

There a paradisal perfume
Breathes upon the air serene;
There the crystal waters flowing
Keep the grass for ever green;
And the golden orchards show
Fruits that ne'er corruption know.

There no sun his circuit wheeleth;
There no moon or stars appear;
Thither night and darkness come not.
Death hath no dominion there;
But the Lamb's pure beaming ray
Scatters round eternal day.

THE HOLY ANGELS

There the saints of God, resplendent
As the sun in all his might,
Evermore rejoice together
Crowned with diadems of light,
And from peril safe at last
Reckon up their triumphs past.
Happy he who with them seated
Doth in all their glory share!
O that I, my days completed,
Might be but admitted there!
There with them the praise to sing
Of my beauteous God and King.

THE HOLY ANGELS

963

(Tune: E.H. 369)

DEAR Angel, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A sinful child like me.

How lovely must the Angels be
Whom God has glorified,
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought,
Is ever at my side.

So when, dear Spirit, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
That tells me thou are there.

Yes, when I pray thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

THE HOLY ANGELS

Then for thy sake, dear Angel, now
More humble will I be:
But I am weak; and, when I fall,
O weary not of me!

964

(Tune: E.H. 407)

SWEET Angel of Mercy,
By heaven's decree
Benignly appointed
To watch over me;
Without thy protection,
So constant and nigh,
I could not well live;
I should tremble to die.

All thanks for thy love,
Dear companion and friend,
O may it continue
With me to the end.
O cease not to keep me,
Blest guide of my youth,
In the ways of religion
And virtue and truth.

Support me in weakness;
My spirit inflame;
Defend me in danger;
Secure me from shame.
That, safe from temptation
Or sudden surprise,
I may mount the strait path
That ascends to the skies.

A MORNING HYMN

O thou who didst witness
My earliest breath,
Be with me, I pray,
In the hour of my death;
Console me in sadness;
Refresh me in pain;
And teach me how best
I may mercy obtain.
That, cleansed by confession
Complete and sincere
From every defilement
Afflicting me here,
All glowing with love,
I may gladly depart,
With faith on my lips,
And with hope in my heart.
Nor then do thou leave me,
My Angel and friend!
But at the tribunal
Of judgment attend;
And cease not to plead
For my soul, till forgiven
Thou bear it aloft
To the palace of heaven.

A MORNING HYMN

965

(Tune: D.H.B. 338)

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

A MORNING HYMN

Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray,
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to thy grace,
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my tide of life
Should ebb away,
Give me thy sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

In thine own dread but cleansing fires
Brief be my stay;
O bid me, if to-day I die,
Go home to-day.

So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

Let thine own Mother's kindly smile
Light up my way;
Let me behave like Mary's child
Just for to-day.

AN EVENING HYMN

Let me with thee, my own true life,
In spirit stay;
Stay thou with me, my only strength,
Just for to-day.

AN EVENING HYMN

966 (*Tune: E.H. 435; A. & M. 217*)

JESUS, the dying day hath left us lonely;
All fadeth from us, thou remainest only:
Earth's light goes out, but thou, true Light,
art near us,
And thou wilt hear us.

Bring home the feet that far from thee have
wandered,
The minds that all but thee this day have
pondered;
We yield them evermore, awake or sleeping,
To thy safe keeping.

O let our souls keep day, though night be
round us;
So shall the sons of darkness not confound us,
But blameless rest delight thy gaze paternal,
Untired, eternal.

White Dove of peace, great God of
consolation,
Brood o'er the souls that sigh in tribulation,
And with the whisper of serene to-morrows
Soothe all their sorrows.

AN EVENING HYMN

Mother of holy hope, all-blessèd Mary,
Whose high-throned mother-love can never
vary,
This night and at our death's deep nightfall
aid us
With him who made us.

PART III

FORMS OF PRAYER AND
DEVOTION

LITANIES

LITANY OF THE HOLY NAME

967

KYRIE, éléison. *or* Lord, have mercy.
Christe, éléison. *or* Christ, have mercy.
Kyrie, éléison. *or* Lord, have mercy.

Jesu, hear us.

Jesu, graciously hear us.

O God the Father of heaven, *Have mercy*
upon us.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world,

O God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, One God,

Jesu, Son of the living God,

Jesu, Splendour of the Father,

Jesu, Brightness of the eternal light,

Jesu, King of glory,

Jesu, Son of righteousness,

Jesu, Son of the Virgin Mary,

Jesu, most lovable,

Jesu, most wonderful,

Jesu, mighty God,

Jesu, Father of the world to come,

Jesu, Angel of great counsel,

LITANIES

Jesu, most powerful,
Jesu, most patient,
Jesu, most obedient,
Jesu, meek and lowly of heart,
Jesu, lover of chastity,
Jesu, who lovest us,
Jesu, God of peace,
Jesu, Author of life,
Jesu, Pattern of virtues,
Jesu, zealous lover of souls,
Jesu, our God,
Jesu, our Refuge,
Jesu, Father of the poor,
Jesu, Treasure of the faithful,
Jesu, good Shepherd,
Jesu, true Light,
Jesu, eternal Wisdom,
Jesu, infinite Goodness,
Jesu, our Way and our Life,
Jesu, Joy of Angels,
Jesu, King of Patriarchs,
Jesu, Master of Apostles,
Jesu, Teacher of Evangelists,
Jesu, Strength of Martyrs,
Jesu, Light of Confessors,
Jesu, Purity of Virgins,
Jesu, Crown of all Saints,
Be thou merciful, *Spare us, Jesu.*
Be thou merciful, *Hear us, Jesu.*
From all evil, *Deliver us, Jesu.*
From all sin,
From thy wrath,
From the snares of the devil,
From the spirit of fornication,

LITANIES

From everlasting death,
From neglect of thy inspirations,
By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation,
By thy Nativity,
By thine Infancy,
By thy most divine Life,
By thy Labours,
By thine Agony and Passion,
By thy Cross and Dereliction,
By thy Weariness,
By thy Death and Burial,
By thy Resurrection,
By thine Ascension,
By thine Institution of the most holy
Eucharist,
By thy Joys,
By thy Glory,
O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Spare us, Jesu.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Hear us, Jesu.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Have mercy upon us, Jesu.

Jesu, hear us.

Jesu, graciously hear us.

LITANIES

Let us pray.

O LORD Jesu Christ, who hast said: Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: We beseech thee, grant unto us that ask the affection of thy most divine love; that loving thee with our whole heart, we may shew forth thy love in word and deed, and may never cease from thy praise.

O LORD, who never failest to help and govern them whom thou dost bring up in thy steadfast fear and love: Keep us, we beseech thee, under the protection of thy good providence; and make us to have a perpetual fear and love of thy holy Name; Who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART 968

K YRIE, eléison.	or Lord, have mercy.
Christe, eléison.	or Christ, have mercy.
Kyrie, eléison.	or Lord, have mercy.

O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, graciously hear us.

O God the Father of heaven, *Have mercy upon us.*

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world,

O God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, One God,

Heart of Jesus, Son of the eternal Father,

Heart of Jesus, formed by the Holy Ghost in
the womb of the Virgin Mary,

LITANIES

Heart of Jesus, united in substance with the
Word of God,
Heart of Jesus, of infinite majesty,
Heart of Jesus, holy temple of God,
Heart of Jesus, tabernacle of the most High,
Heart of Jesus, house of God and gate of
heaven,
Heart of Jesus, burning furnace of charity,
Heart of Jesus, treasury of righteousness and
love,
Heart of Jesus, full of goodness and love,
Heart of Jesus, abyss of all virtues,
Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all praise,
Heart of Jesus, King and centre of all hearts,
Heart of Jesus, in whom are all the treasures
of wisdom and knowledge,
Heart of Jesus, in whom dwelleth all the full-
ness of the Godhead,
Heart of Jesus, in whom the Father was well
pleased,
Heart of Jesus, of whose fullness we have all
received,
Heart of Jesus, desire of the eternal hills,
Heart of Jesus, long-suffering and of great
mercy,
Heart of Jesus, rich unto all that call upon
thee,
Heart of Jesus, fount of life and holiness,
Heart of Jesus, propitiation for our sins,
Heart of Jesus, overwhelmed with reproaches,
Heart of Jesus, bruised for our transgressions,
Heart of Jesus, made obedient unto death,
Heart of Jesus, pierced by the spear,
Heart of Jesus, fount of all consolation,

LITANIES

Heart of Jesus, our life and resurrection,
Heart of Jesus, our peace and reconciliation,
Heart of Jesus, Victim for sinners,
Heart of Jesus, salvation of those who hope
in thee,
Heart of Jesus, hope of those who die in thee,
Heart of Jesus, delight of all the Saints,
O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,
Spare us, O Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,
Hear us, O Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,
Have mercy upon us.

V. Jesu, meek and lowly of heart.
R. Make our hearts like unto thy Heart.

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, look
upon the Heart of thy well-beloved Son,
and upon the praises and satisfactions which
he rendered unto thee in the name of sinners;
and to those who seek thy pity do thou
mercifully grant forgiveness, in the name of the
same thy Son Jesus Christ: Who liveth and
reigneth with thee, in the Unity of the Holy
Ghost, one God, world without end.

Amen.

LITANIES

METRICAL LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART

969

(Tune: E.H. 649, etc.)

KYRIE, éléison. or Lord, have mercy.
Christe, éléison. or Christ, have mercy.
Kyrie, éléison. or Lord, have mercy.

O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, graciously hear us.

God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Spirit, with them God;
Ever Three and ever One.

Miserere nobis, or Grant to us thy mercy.

Heart of Jesus, all-divine,
One with God's eternal Word,
Holiest Godhead's living shrine,

Heart of Jesus, sacred home
Of the blessed Three in One,
Uncreated Wisdom's Fount,

Heart of Jesus, mercy's throne,
Ocean of eternal good,
Never-failing treasury,

Heart of Jesus, of whose grace
All thy children have received,
Making God and man at peace,

Heart of Jesus, pattern true
Of all virtues holiest,
Loving ever, ever loved,

Heart of Jesus, well that springs
Unto everlasting light,
Pleasing in the Father's sight,

LITANIES

Heart of Jesus, for our sins
All-availing Sacrifice,
Filled with bitterness by us,

Heart of Jesus, unto death
In the garden sorrowful,
Covered with reproaches vile,

Heart of Jesus, who for us
Didst the wound of love endure,
Pierced with soldier's cruel spear,

Heart of Jesus, who didst shed
All thy blood upon the cross,
Bruised for our iniquities,

Heart of Jesus, even now
By ungrateful men reviled
In thy Sacrament of love,

Heart of Jesus, sinners' stay,
Strength of weak humanity,
Comfort of afflicted souls,

Heart of Jesus, to the end
Perseverance of the just,
Health of those who hope in thee,

Heart of Jesus, kindest aid
In our troubled earthly life;
True delight of all the Saints.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Spare us, O Lord,

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

LITANIES

Hear us, O Lord,

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Have mercy upon us.

V. Jesus, meek and lowly of heart.

Ry. Make our hearts like unto thy Heart.

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, look
upon the Heart of thy well-beloved Son,
and upon the praises and satisfactions which
he rendered unto thee in the name of sinners;
and to those who seek thy pity do thou
mercifully grant forgiveness, in the Name of
the same thy Son Jesus Christ: Who liveth
and reigneth with thee, in the Unity of the
Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.
Amen.

ALITANY OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD

969^A

LORD have mercy on us.
Christ have mercy on us.
Lord have mercy on us.

O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, graciously hear us.

O God, the Father of Heaven,

Have mercy on us.

O God, the Son, Redeemer of the world,

Have mercy on us.

LITANIES

O God, the Holy Ghost,
Have mercy on us.

Holy Trinity, One God,
Have mercy on us.

Blood of Christ, only-begotten Son of the
Eternal Father, *Save us.*

Blood of Christ, Incarnate Word of God,
Blood of Christ, of the New and Eternal
Testament,

Blood of Christ, falling upon the earth in the
Agony,

Blood of Christ, shed profusely in the
Scourging,

Blood of Christ, flowing forth in the Crowning
with Thorns,

Blood of Christ, poured out on the Cross,
Blood of Christ, price of our salvation,
Blood of Christ, without which there is no
forgiveness,

Blood of Christ, Eucharistic drink and refresh-
ment of souls,

Blood of Christ, stream of mercy,

Blood of Christ, victor over demons,

Blood of Christ, courage of martyrs,

Blood of Christ, strength of confessors,

Blood of Christ, bringing forth virgins,

Blood of Christ, help of those in peril,

Blood of Christ, relief of the burdened,

Blood of Christ, solace in sorrow,

Blood of Christ, hope of the penitent,

Blood of Christ, consolation of the dying,

LITANIES

Blood of Christ, peace and tenderness of
hearts,

Blood of Christ, pledge of Eternal Life,

Blood of Christ, freeing souls from Purgatory,

Blood of Christ, most worthy of all glory and
honour,

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Spare us, O Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Graciously hear us, O Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Have mercy on us.

V. Thou has redeemed us, O Lord, in thy
Blood.

R. And made us a kingdom for our God.

Let us pray.

ALmighty and Eternal God, who has
appointed thine only-begotten Son the
Redeemer of the world, and hast willed to be
appeased by his Blood, grant, we beseech thee,
that we may worthily adore this price of our
salvation, and through its power be safeguarded
from the evils of this present life, so that we
may rejoice in its fruits for ever in heaven,
through the same Christ, our Lord. Amen.

LITANIES

LITANY OF THE HOLY GHOST

970 (Tune: A. & M. 470, etc.)

GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from thy heav'nly throne,

Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life and Fire of love,

Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear,

Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease,

Thou, by whom the Virgin bore
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore,

Thou, whom Jesus from his throne
Gave to cheer and help his own,
That they might not be alone,

Thou, whose sound Apostles heard,
Thou, whose power their spirit stirred,
Giving them the living word,

Thou, whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still,

LITANIES

Coming with thy power to save,
Moving on baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave,
All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve thee, patient still,
Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak,
Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray,
Holy, loving as thou art,
All thy sevenfold gifts impart,
Nevermore from us depart,

LITANIES

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

971

KYRIE, eléison.
Christe, eléison.
Kyrie, eléison.

Christe, audi nos.
Christe, exaudi nos.

Pater de cœlis Deus,
Miserere nobis.

Fili, Redemptor mundi Deus,
Miserere nobis.

Spiritus sancte Deus,
Miserere nobis.

Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus,
Miserere nobis.

Sancta Maria, *ora pro nobis.*
Sancta Dei Genitrix,
Sancta, Virgo virginum,

Mater Christi,
Mater divinæ gratiæ,
Mater purissima,

Mater castissima,
Mater inviolata,
Mater intemerata,

Mater amabilis,
Mater admirabilis,
Mater boni Consilii,

LITANIES

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

971

KYRIE, éléison. *or* Lord, have mercy.
Christe, éléison. *or* Christ, have mercy.
Kyrie, éléison. *or* Lord, have mercy.

O Christ, hear us.
O Christ, graciously hear us.

O God the Father of heaven,
Have mercy upon us.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
Have mercy upon us.

O God the Holy Ghost,
Have mercy upon us.

Holy Trinity, One God,
Have mercy upon us.

Holy Mary, *pray for us.*
Holy Mother of God,
Holy Virgin of virgins,

Mother of Christ,
Mother of divine grace,
Mother most pure,

Mother most chaste,
Mother inviolate,
Mother undefiled,

Mother most lovable,
Mother most wonderful,
Mother of good Counsel,

LITANIES

Mater Creatoris,
Mater Salvatoris,
Virgo prudentissima,
Virgo veneranda,
Virgo prædicanda,
Virgo potens,
Virgo clemens,
Virgo fidelis,
Speculum justitiæ,
Sedes sapientiæ,
Causa nostræ lætitiæ,
Vas spirituale,
Vas honorabile,
Vas insigne devotionis,
Rosa mystica,
Turris Davidica,
Turris eburnea,
Domus aurea,
Fœderis arca,
Janua cœli,
Stella matutina,
Salus infirmorum,
Refugium peccatorum,
Consolatrix afflictorum,
Auxilium Christianorum,
Regina Angelorum,
Regina Patriarcharum,
Regina Prophetarum,
Regina Apostolorum,
Regina Martyrum,

LITANIES

Mother of the Creator,
Mother of the Saviour,
Virgin most prudent,

Virgin most worshipful,
Virgin most renowned,
Virgin most mighty,

Virgin most gentle,
Virgin most faithful,
Mirror of righteousness,

Seat of Wisdom,
Cause of our gladness,
Vessel of the Spirit,

Vessel of honour,
Vessel of devotion wondrous,
Mystic Rose,

Tower of David,
Tower of ivory,
House of gold,

Ark of the Covenant,
Gate of heaven,
Star of the Morning,

Salvation of the weak,
Refuge of sinners,
Consoler of the afflicted,

Help of Christians,
Queen of Angels,
Queen of Patriarchs,

Queen of Prophets,
Queen of Apostles,
Queen of Martyrs,

LITANIES

Regina Confessorum,
Regina Virginum,
Regina Sanctorum omnium,

Regina sine labe originali concepta,
Regina in cælum Assumpta,
Regina sacratissimi Rosarii,

Regina Pacis,

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Parce nobis, Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Exaudi nos, Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Miserere nobis.

℣. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.

℞. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus
Christi.

Oremus.

CONCEDE nos famulos tuos, quaesumus,
Domine Deus, perpetua mentis et corporis
sanitate gaudere: et, gloriosa beatae Mariae
Virginis intercessione, a praesenti liberari
tristitia, et aeterna perfrui laetitia. Per
Christum Dominum nostrum. ℞. Amen.

LITANIES

Queen of Confessors,
Queen of Virgins,
Queen of all Saints,

Queen conceived without original sin,
Queen assumed into Heaven,
Queen of the most holy Rosary,

Queen of Peace,

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world,
Spare us, O Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world,
Hear us, O Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world,
Have mercy upon us.

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

R/. That we may be made worthy of the
promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

GRANT, we beseech thee, O Lord God,
that we thy servants may enjoy perpetual
health of mind and of body; and at the
glorious intercession of blessed Mary ever
Virgin, be delivered from present sadness, and
rejoice in everlasting gladness. Through
Christ our Lord. R/. Amen.

LITANIES

METRICAL LITANY OF B.V.M.

972 (Tune: E.H. 649, etc.)

KYRIE, éléison. or Lord, have mercy.
Christe, éléison. or Christ, have mercy.
Kyrie, éléison. or Lord, have mercy.

O Christ, hear us.
O Christ, graciously hear us.

God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Spirit, with them God,
Ever Three and ever One,
Miserere nobis, or
Grant to us thy mercy.

Holy Mary, Mother blest
Of the everlasting God;
Of all Virgins holiest,
Ora pro nobis, or
Pray for us poor sinners.

Mother of our Saviour Christ,
Mother of all grace divine,
Mother purest and most chaste,

Mother holy, undefiled,
Mother loving and beloved,
Mother wondrous in thy Child,

Mother who wast meet to bear
Him who made thee and the world,
Mother of our Saviour dear,

Virgin of most prudent mind,
Virgin meet to be revered,
Virgin blest by all mankind,

LITANIES

Virgin mighty in thy prayer,
Virgin tender in thy love,
Faithful, passing all compare,

Mirror of God's righteousness,
Seat of wisdom infinite,
Cause of all our joyfulness,

Vessel of the Spirit fair,
Vessel unto honour made,
Vessel of devotion rare,

Rose that in the heavenly bower,
Mystic, givest fragrance sweet;
Tower of David, Ivory Tower,

House of gold that gleams afar,
Ark of our new Covenant,
Heaven's Portal, Morning Star,

Health of those to sickness born,
Sinners' Refuge, Christians' Aid,
Comforter of those who mourn,

Queen above the Angels throned,
Queen of Patriarchs and Seers,
Queen by Christ's Apostles own'd,

Queen of Martyrs in thy grief,
Queen of all Confessors brave,
Queen of holy Virgins chief,

Queen of all the Saints on high,
Queen conceived without a stain,
Queen assumed beyond the sky,

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
Queen of everlasting Peace,
For thy prayers we sinners cry;

LITANIES

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world,

Spare us, O Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world,

Hear us, O Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world,

Have mercy upon us.

O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, graciously hear us.

℣. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

℞. That we may be made worthy of the
promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

GRANT, we beseech thee, O Lord, that we
thy servants may enjoy perpetual health
of mind and of body; and, by the glorious
intercession of blessed Mary ever-Virgin, be
delivered from present sadness and rejoice in
everlasting gladness. Through Christ our
Lord. Amen.

LITANY OF SAINT JOSEPH

973

KYRIE, éléison. *or Lord, have mercy.*

Christe, éléison. *or Christ, have mercy.*

Kyrie, éléison. *or Lord, have mercy.*

O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, graciously hear us.

LITANIES

O God the Father of heaven,
Have mercy upon us.
O God the Son, Redeemer of
the world,
O God, the Holy Ghost,
Holy Trinity, One God,

Holy Mary, *pray for us.*
Holy Joseph,
Renowned Offspring of David,
Light of Patriarchs,
Spouse of the Mother of God,
Chaste Guardian of the Virgin,
Foster-father of the Son of God,
Steadfast Protector of Christ,
Head of the Holy Family,
Joseph most just,
Joseph most chaste,
Joseph most prudent,
Joseph most brave,
Joseph most obedient,
Joseph most faithful,
Mirror of patience,
Lover of poverty,
Pattern of workers,
Glory of home-life,
Guardian of virgins,
Pillar of the family,
Comfort of the sorrowful,
Hope of the sick,
Patron of the dying,
Terror of devils,
Protector of Holy Church,

LITANIES

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world,

Spare us, O Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world,

Hear us, O Lord.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins
of the world,

Have mercy upon us.

℣. He made him Lord also of his house.

℞. And ruler of all his substance.

Let us pray.

O GOD, who by thine ineffable providence
didst vouchsafe to choose blessed
Joseph to be the Spouse of thy most holy
Mother: grant, we beseech thee, that we, who
venerate him as a protector on earth, may be
found worthy to have him as an intercessor
in heaven. Who livest and reignest, world
without end. Amen.

A LITANY FOR THE DEAD

973^A

Lord, have mercy. *Lord, have mercy.*

Christ, have mercy. *Christ, have mercy.*

Lord, have mercy. *Lord, have mercy.*

O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, graciously hear us.

O God the Father of Heaven,

Have mercy upon the souls departed.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world,

O God the Holy Ghost,

O Holy Trinity, One God,

LITANIES

Holy Mary, Mother of God,

Pray for them.

All ye Orders of Blessèd Spirits,

All ye holy Patriarchs and Prophets,

All ye holy Apostles and Evangelists,

All ye holy Martyrs,

All ye holy Bishops and Confessors,

All ye holy Doctors,

All ye holy Virgins,

All ye Saints of God,

Be merciful: *Spare them, O Lord.*

From all evil,

Good Lord, deliver them.

From Thy wrath,

From the flames of hell,

From the land of the shadow of death,

By thy wonderful Conception,

By thy Nativity,

By thy most sweet and Holy Name,

By thy Wonderful Life,

By thy most bitter Passion,

By thy Precious Death and Burial,

By thy Glorious Resurrection and

Ascension,

By the coming of the Holy Ghost,

We sinners do beseech Thee to hear us.

Thou who dost free salvation send us,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

Thou who the sinful woman savest, and the
dying thief forgavest,

Thou who hast the keys of death and hell,

LITANIES

That it may please thee to set free our parents,
relations, and friends from their sins, and
the punishment thereof,

That it may please thee to remember and to
show mercy unto all the faithful departed
who are not held in special memory upon
earth,

That it may please thee to grant unto all who
rest in Christ a place of refreshment, of
light, and peace,

That it may please thee to wash away their
stains in thy most precious Blood,

That it may please thee to clothe them in
white robes,

That it may please thee to place them in
green pastures,

That it may please thee to cause them to drink
of the fountain of the water of life freely,

That it may please thee to give them to eat
of the tree of life,

That it may please thee to wipe away all tears
from their eyes,

That it may please thee to make them sit
down at thy table in thy kingdom,

That it may please thee to fulfil all their
desires,

That it may please thee to cause them to bless
thee more fully, and to offer unto thee the
Sacrifice of praise,

That it may please thee to receive them into
the company of the Blessed,

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Grant them rest.

LITANIES

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Grant them rest.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of
the world,

Grant them rest eternal.

O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, graciously hear us.

Lord, have mercy,

Christ, have mercy.

Lord, have mercy,

Our Father (*secretly*).

V. And lead us not into temptation.

R. But deliver us from evil.

V. From the gates of hell.

R. Deliver their souls, O Lord.

V. May they rest in peace.

R. Amen.

V. Lord, hear our prayer.

R. And let our cry come unto thee.

Let us pray.

O GOD, whose property is ever to be
merciful and to spare; be merciful to the
souls of Thy servants and handmaids, and
forgive them all their sins; that they being
loosed from the bonds of death may ascend
into life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our
Lord, who with thee and the Holy Spirit
livest and reignest One God, world without
end. Amen.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

Nos. 974 and 975 in earlier editions omitted

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

976 (*Tune: A. & M. 316, 338*)

LO! in wondrous condescension
Jesus seeks his altar-throne;
Though in lively Symbols hidden,
Faith and love his Presence own;
When the Lord his Temple visits
Let the listening earth be still;
May the Spirit's sweet indwelling
Each believing heart fulfil.

Here in figure represented
See the Passion once again;
Here, behold the Lamb most holy
As for our Redemption slain;
Here the Saviour's Body broken,
Here the Blood which Jesus shed,
Mystic Food of Life eternal
See for our refreshment spread,

Here shall highest praise be offered,
Here shall meekest prayer be poured,
Here with Body, Soul, and Spirit,
God Incarnate be adored;
Holy Jesu for thy coming
May thy Love our hearts prepare;
Thine we fain would have them wholly,
Enter, Lord, and tarry there.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

977

(Tune: E.H. 388)

H EART of the Holy Child
Hide me in thee,
Purest and undefiled
Purify me.
Joy of my earthly life,
Far from sin and passions rife,
Troubling this world of strife,
Keep me with thee.

Sweet Child of Bethlehem,
Open thine heart,
Lessons from Nazareth
Deign to impart;
Mary and Joseph dear
Let us be to Jesus near,
With you we shall not fear
From him to part.

978

(Tune: E.H. 390; A. & M. 640)

G RACIOUS Father, we beseech thee
Of thy love receive to-day
This Oblation which before thee,
We, as Christ commanded, lay.

See the Body now preparèd
For thy Sole-Begotten Son,
See the Wine, the Water, showing,
God and Man in it made one.

See him now a willing offering
Upwards unto Calvary led,
While the faithful closely following
In his sacred footsteps tread.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

King of Salem, Priest for ever,
Offering up the Bread and Wine,
May we at the Altar know thee,
Feel thy Presence all divine!

To the souls which have departed,
Faithful in thy fear and love,
May the Eucharist we offer
Joy and sweet refreshment prove.

Blessèd be the King who cometh,
Jesus, the Incarnate Word!
We with Angels and Archangels
Sing "Hosanna to the Lord!"

No. 979 in earlier editions omitted

SIMPLE HYMNS DURING LOW MASS

AT THE INTROIT

980

(Tune: E.H. 367)

O GOD we come to offer thee
The holy sacrifice
Of Jesus, who was crucified,
For sin to pay the price.

We give his body and his blood
In holy Mass to thee,
Which he, obedient on the cross,
Did give so willingly.

We join in worship with the Saints
And Angel-hosts above,
Who, seeing Jesus face to face,
Adore his wondrous love.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

In thankful memory of his death,
Which did atone for sin,
We offer here his sacrifice,
That pardon we may win.

And by its merits we implore
Thy mercy and thy grace;
That, after faithful service here,
We may behold thy face.

For all the faithful, quick and dead,
Through Jesus Christ we pray;
Forgive the sinful, bless the good,
And help them on their way.

And grant, O God, to this thy priest,
And all thy servants here,
To worship thee in holy Mass
With love and holy fear.

AT THE GRADUAL

981

(Tune: E.H. 369)

WE praise thee for thy gospel, Lord,
Proclaim'd at thy command,
And for the One Church Catholic
In this and every land.

O grant that we may hear thy word,
And what we hear obey;
That we may ever follow thee
Where thou dost lead the way.

O keep us steadfast in thy Church,
The holy faith to hold,
To show the truth to wanderers,
And bring them to thy fold.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

AT THE OFFERTORY

982

(Tune: E.H. 428)

O GOD, we give thee what is thine,
For all things come of thee;
And we ourselves are not our own,
But thine eternally.

We here present the bread and wine
To thee, who givest all;
And for the greatest gift of thine
To thee we humbly call:

That when the priest, at thy command,
Doth bless this bread and wine,
The power of the Holy Ghost
May make them all-divine;

May make them the true body be
Of blessèd Mary's Son;
The precious blood, outpoured for us,
Which our salvation won.

That so he may be present here,
Who reigns in heaven above;
And we may offer him to thee,
As our best gift of love;

And, joining in his sacrifice,
May dedicate anew
Ourselves, our bodies and our souls,
To give thee service true.

Accept, O Lord, our offerings,
Accept our prayers and praise;
And may the grace of thy dear Son
Be with us all our days.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

AFTER THE CONSECRATION: OBLATION

983

(Tune: E.H. 453)

O GOD, accept the sacrifice
Of Christ on Calvary,
Which he now offers on thy throne,
And here on earth, to thee.

Accept him, offered by our hands;
And to thy mercy take
Thy children, seen as one with him,
For our dear Saviour's sake.

Accept him as our sacrifice
Of thankful praise and love,
In whom thou wast and art well-pleased,
The Lamb that reigns above.

And through his merits, deign to grant
The living may be blest,
The sick be healed, the sinners saved,
The holy souls find rest.

AFTER THE CONSECRATION: ADORATION

984

(Tune: E.H. 405)

HAIL, sacred body, precious blood!
Lord Jesus Christ, all hail!
We praise thee in thy sacrament,
Beneath the sacred veil.

O dearest Jesus, thou didst die
And rise to save us all;
With loving hearts, before thy shrine,
Adoring thee, we fall.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

O Lamb of God, who by thy death
Dost take our sins away,
Have mercy now upon us all,
And grant us peace, we pray.

O Saviour Jesus, come to us;
Our spirits yearn for thee;
Speak thou the word, and our
poor souls
At once shall healed be.

AFTER THE CONSECRATION: COMMUNION

985

(Tune: E.H. 327)

BEHOLD, O Lord, to thee we come,
Unworthy though we be,
To feed upon the sacred food
Of immortality.

We come, because for love of us,
Lord Jesus, thou hast died:
We come to thee, for thee we need
Within us to abide.

O Father, grant us so to be
United with thy Son,
That he in us, and we in him,
May be for ever one.

AFTER MASS

986

(Tune: E.H. 375)

NOW may this holy sacrifice
Be pleasing in thy sight,
Which we have offered thee, O God—
Our duty and thy right.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

And may its merits, Lord, avail
To bless us all this day,
And win thy favour for each one
For whom we meant to pray.

Forgive what we have done amiss,
While we in Mass took part,
Through inattention, feeble faith,
Or coldness of the heart.

Abide with us, O dearest Lord,
And keep us by thy grace;
That we may never stray from thee,
Until we see thy face.

Now for the ever-blessèd Mass,
O God, all praise to thee:
In heaven and on his altar-throne
May Jesus praised be.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

987 BENEDICTION OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT

O SALUTARIS Hostia
Quae caeli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.
Uni trinoque Domino,
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria. Amen.

Here may follow a Litany or other devotions.

Then is sung:

TANTUM ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui;
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.
Genitori, Genitoque,
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

℣. Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis. (Alleluia.)

℞. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.
(Alleluia.)

Oremus.

DEUS qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili
passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti: tribue,

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

987 BENEDICTION OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT

O SAVING Victim, opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below:
Our foes press hard on every side;
Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.
All praise and thanks to thee ascend,
For evermore, blest One in Three:
Oh, grant us life that shall not end
In our true native land with thee. Amen.

Here may follow a Litany or other devotions.

Then is sung:

THEREFORE we, before him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes the inward vision clear.
Glory let us give, and blessing
To the Father and the Son;
Honour, might and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too his love confessing,
Who, from Both, with Both is one.

Amen.

V. Thou gavest them Bread from heaven.
(Alleluia.)

R. Containing in itself all sweetness.
(Alleluia.)

Let us pray.

O GOD, who in a wonderful Sacrament
hast left unto us a memorial of thy

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

quaesumus, ita nos corporis et sanguinis tui
sacra mysteria venerari; ut redemptionis tuae
fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus: Qui vivis
et regnas, in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

THE DIVINE PRAISES

Blessed be God.

Blessed be his holy Name.

Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true
Man.

Blessed be the Name of Jesus.

Blessed be his most sacred Heart.

Blessed be his most Precious Blood.

Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament
of the Altar.

Blessed be the Holy Ghost the Paraclete.

Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary
most holy.

Blessed be her holy and immaculate
Conception.

Blessed be her glorious Assumption.

Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and
Mother.

Blessed be Saint Joseph, her spouse most
chaste.

Blessed be God in his Angels and in his
Saints.

Then may be sung:

Ant. Adoremus in æternum Sanctissimum
Sacramentum.

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes: laudate
eum omnes populi.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

passion: grant us, we beseech thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of thy Body and Blood; that we may ever perceive within ourselves the fruit of thy redemption: Who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

THE DIVINE PRAISES

Blessed be God.

Blessed be his holy Name.

Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man.

Blessed be the Name of Jesus.

Blessed be his most sacred Heart.

Blessed be his most Precious Blood.

Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar.

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Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy.

Blessed be her holy and immaculate Conception.

Blessed be her glorious Assumption.

Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother.

Blessed be Saint Joseph, her spouse most chaste.

Blessed be God in his Angels and in his Saints.

Then may be sung:

Ant. Let us adore for ever the Most Holy Sacrament.

O praise the Lord, all ye heathen: praise him, all ye nations.

EUCCHARISTIC DEVOTIONS

Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus: et veritas Domini manet in æternum.

Gloria Patri, et Filio: et Spirítui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper:
et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Ant. Adoremus in æternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

For his merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us: and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise the Lord.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen.

Ant. Let us adore for ever the Most Holy Sacrament.

988

(*E.H.* 452)

O SACRAMENT most holy,
O Mystery divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving
Be every moment thine!

989

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

WE praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee: the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud: the heavens and all the powers therein.

To thee Cherubim and Seraphim: continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth:

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty: of thy glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles: praise thee.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets:
praise thee.

The noble army of Martyrs: praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world:
doth acknowledge thee,

The Father: of an infinite majesty;

Thine honourable, true: and only Son:

Also the Holy Ghost: the comforter.

Thou art the King of glory: O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son: of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver
man: thou didst not abhor the Virgin's
womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of
death: thou didst open the kingdom of
heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in
the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come: to be our
Judge.

The following verse is sung kneeling.

We therefore pray thee help thy servants:
whom thou hast redeemed with thy
precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints:
in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people: and bless thine
heritage.

Govern them: and lift them up for ever.

Day by day: we magnify thee;

And we worship thy name: ever world
without end.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Vouchsafe, O Lord: to keep us this day
without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy
upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us: as
our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted: let me never
be confounded.

V. Let us bless the Father and the Son with
the Holy Spirit.

R. Let us praise him and magnify him above
all for ever.

V. Blessèd art thou, O Lord, in the firmament
of heaven;

R. And worthy to be praised, and glorious,
and magnified above all for ever.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto thee.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

O GOD, whose mercies are without
number, and the treasure of whose
goodness is infinite: we render thanks to thy
most gracious majesty for the gifts thou hast
bestowed upon us; evermore beseeching thy
mercy, that like as thou dost grant the prayers
of them that call upon thee, so thou wouldest
not forsake them, but rather dispose their way

THE ANGELUS

toward the attainment of thy heavenly reward. Through Christ our Lord.

R/. Amen.

990

THE ANGELUS

V. **T**HE Angel of the Lord announced
unto Mary,

R/. And she conceived by the Holy Ghost.

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and in the hour of our death. Amen.

V. Behold the handmaid of the Lord.

R/. Be it unto me according to thy word.

Hail Mary, etc.

V. And the Word was made flesh.

R/. And dwelt among us.

Hail Mary, etc.

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

R/. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

THE ANGELUS

Let us pray.

WE beseech thee, O Lord, pour thy grace into our hearts: that, as we have known the Incarnation of thy Son Jesus Christ by the message of an Angel; so by his cross and passion we may be brought unto the glory of his resurrection. Through the same Christ our Lord. *R.* Amen.

In Eastertide 993.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY
THE ANTHEMS OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY

*From first evensong of Advent Sunday to 2nd
evensong of Candlemas.*

991

ALMA Redemptoris Mater, quae pervia
caeli
Porta mánes, et stella máris, succurre cadenti,
Surgere qui curat, populo : tu quae genuisti,
Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem,
Virgo prius ac postérius, Gabrielis ab ore
Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere.

In Advent.

V. Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae.
R. Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.

Oremus.

GRATIAM tuam, quaesumus Domine,
mentibus nostris infunde : ut qui, Angelo
nuntiante, Christi Filii tui incarnationem
cognovimus; per passionem ejus et crucem,
ad resurrectionis gloriam perducamur. Per
eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

*From first evensong of Christmas to 2nd
evensong of Candlemas.*

V. Post partum, Virgo, inviolata permansisti.
R. Dei Genitrix, intercede pro nobis.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY

991

See opposite page.

(Tune: E.H. 273, repeating last two lines)

MOTHER of Christ, hear thou thy people's
cry,
Star of the deep, and Portal of the sky,
Mother of him who thee from nothing made,
Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid.
O, by that joy which Gabriel brought to
thee,
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy
see.

In Advent.

℣. The Angel of the Lord announced unto
Mary.

℞. And she conceived by the Holy Ghost.

Let us pray.

WE beseech thee, O Lord, pour thy
grace into our hearts; that, as we have
known the Incarnation of thy Son Jesus Christ
by the message of an Angel, so by his cross
and passion we may be brought unto the glory
of his resurrection. Through the same Christ
our Lord. ℞. Amen.

*From first evensong of Christmas to 2nd
evensong of Candlemas.*

℣. After child-birth, O Virgin, thou didst
remain inviolate.

℞. Intercede for us, O Mother of God.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY

Oremus.

DEUS, qui salutis aeternae, beatae Mariae virginitate foecunda, humano generi praemia praestitisti: tribue, quaesumus, ut ipsam pro nobis intercedere sentiamus, per quam meruimus auctorem vitae suscipere, Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum Filium tuum. R̃. Amen.

℣. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum. R̃. Amen.

992

*From Compline of Candlemas to Compline of
Wednesday in Holy Week.*

AVE, Regina caelorum,
Ave, Domina Angelorum:
Salve, radix; salve, porta,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta:
Gaude, Virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa,
Vale, O valde decora,
Et pro nobis Christum exora.

℣. Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata.

R̃. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.

Oremus.

CONCEDE, misericors Deus, fragilitati nostrae praesidium: ut, qui sanctae Dei Genetricis memoriam agimus; intercessionis ejus auxilio, a nostris iniquitatibus resurgamus. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum. R̃. Amen.

℣. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum. R̃. Amen.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY

Let us pray.

O GOD, who by the virgin child-bearing of blessed Mary hast bestowed upon mankind the rewards of eternal salvation: grant, we beseech thee, that we may perceive her intercession for us, through whom we have been counted worthy to receive the author of life, Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord. *R.* Amen.
V. May the divine assistance remain with us alway. *R.* Amen.

992 (Tune: *E.H. 201, 500*)

*From Compline of Candlemas to Wednesday
in Holy Week.*

HAIL, O Queen of heaven enthroned:
Hail, by Angels Mistress owned:
Root of Jesse, Gate of Morn,
Whence the world's true Light was born!
Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,
Loveliest whom in heaven they see,
Fairest thou where all are fair!
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

V. Vouchsafe that I may praise thee, O sacred Virgin.

R. Give me strength against thine enemies.

Let us pray.

GRANT, O merciful God, support to our frailty: that we who commemorate the holy Mother of God; may, by the help of her intercession, arise from our iniquities. Through the same Christ our Lord. *R.* Amen.
V. May the divine assistance remain with us alway. *R.* Amen.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY

- 993** *From Compline of Holy Saturday:
or, with new Rite, after 1st Easter
Mass: till first Evensong of Whit-Sunday.*

REGINA caeli, laetare, alleluia;
Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia,
Resurrexit, sicut dixit, alleluia:
Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia.
V. Gaude et laetare, Virgo Maria, alleluia.
R. Quia surrexit Dominus vere, alleluia.

Oremus.

DEUS, qui per resurrectionem Filii tui
Domini nostri Jesu Christi, mundum
laetificare dignatus es: praesta, quaesumus;
ut, per ejus Genitricem Virginem Mariam,
perpetuae capiamus gaudia vitae. Per eundem
Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.
V. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobis-
cum. R. Amen.

994

*From 1st Evensong of Trinity Sunday to None,
Saturday before Advent.*

SALVE, Regina, mater misericordiae; vita,
dulcedo et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clam-
amus, exsules filii Hevae. Ad te suspiramus,
gementes et flentes in hac lacrimarum valle.
Eja ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos miséri-
cordes oculos ad nos converte. Et Jesum,
benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post
hoc exilium ostende. O clemens, O pia, O
dulcis Virgo Maria.

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.
R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY

993

During Eastertide.

(Tune: E.H. 133)

See opposite page.

JOY to thee, O Queen of heaven, alleluia;
He whom thou wast meet to bear, alleluia,
As he promised hath arisen, alleluia:
Pour for us to God thy prayer, alleluia.
V. Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary,
 alleluia.
R. For the Lord is risen indeed, alleluia.

Let us pray.

O GOD, who by the resurrection of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, didst vouchsafe to give joy to the whole world: grant, we beseech thee, that through his Mother, the Virgin Mary, we may obtain the joys of everlasting life. Through the same Christ our Lord. R. Amen.

V. May the divine assistance remain with us
 always. R. Amen.

994

*From 1st Evensong of Trinity Sunday to None,
Saturday before Advent.*

HAIL, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy; our life, our sweetness and our hope, all hail! To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Turn then, most gracious Advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us; and after this our exile show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb,

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY

Oremus.

OMNIPOTENS sempiternus Deus, qui gloriosae Virginis Matris Mariae corpus et animam, ut dignum Filii tui habitaculum effici mereretur, Spiritu Sancto cooperante, praeparasti: da, ut cujus commemoratione laetamur; ejus pia intercessione ab instantibus malis et a morte perpetua liberemur. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

R̃. Amen.

V. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum. R̃. Amen.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY

Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

R/. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

(Tune: E.H. 217, 429)

HAIL, holy Queen, thou Mercy's Parent,
hail!

Life, hope, and comfort in this earthly vale!

To thee Eve's wretched children make their
cry,

In sighs and tears to thee we suppliants fly.

Rise, glorious Advocate, pour forth thy love;

And let our vows those eyes of pity move!

O sweet, O lovely Maid, for us obtain

To see thy Jesus, and with him to reign.

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY, everlasting God, who by the co-operation of the Holy Ghost didst prepare the body and soul of the glorious Virgin Mother Mary to become a dwelling-place meet for thy Son: grant that, as we rejoice in her commemoration, so by her gracious intercession we may be delivered from present evils and from everlasting death. Through the same Christ our Lord.

R/. Amen.

V. May the divine assistance remain with us
always. R/. Amen.

THE ROSARY OF OUR LADY

I. THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

1. The Annunciation.
2. The Visitation.
3. The Nativity.
4. The Presentation in the Temple.
5. Jesus found in the Temple.

(*Hymn as at 995, 1; Tune: E.H. App. 20.*)

II. THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

1. The Agony in the Garden.
2. The Scourging.
3. The Crowning with thorns.
4. The Carrying the Cross.
5. The Crucifixion.

(*Hymn as at 995, 2; Tune: E.H. 87.*)

III. THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

1. The Resurrection.
2. The Ascension.
3. The Descent of the Holy Ghost.
4. The Assumption.
5. The Coronation of Our Lady and the glory of all the Saints.

(*Hymn as at 995, 3; Tune: E.H. 24 adapted.*)

The *Salve, Regina*. (see 994.)

- ℣. Queen of the most Holy Rosary, pray for us.
℞. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O GOD, whose only-begotten Son, by his life, death and Resurrection, hath purchased for us the reward of eternal life; grant, we beseech thee, that as we meditate upon these Mysteries in the most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY

1. The Joyful Mysteries

995

(Tune: E.H. App. 20)

BY the Archangel's word of love
That announced thee from above;
By the grace to Mary given;
By the first descent from heaven:
*Child of Mary, hear our cry;
Thou wast helpless once as we;
Now enthroned in majesty,
Countless Angels sing to thee.*

By that journey made in haste,
O'er the desert mountain waste;
By that voice whose heavenly tone
Thrilled the Baptist in the womb:

By thy poor and lowly lot,
By the manger and the grot;
By thy tender feet and hands
Folded in their swaddling bands:

By the joy of Simeon blest
When he clasped thee to his breast;
And by Anna's witness loud,
Uttered 'midst the wondering crowd:

By our Lady's glad delight,
In the temple, at the sight
Of her Child so young and fair,
Wiser than the wisest there.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY

2. The Sorrowful Mysteries

(Tune: E.H. 87)

BY the blood that flowed from thee
In thy grievous agony;
By the traitor's guileful kiss,
Filling up thy bitterness:
*Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry;
Thou wast suffering once as we;
Now enthroned in majesty
Countless Angels sing to thee.*

By the cords that, round thee cast,
Bound thee to the pillar fast;
By the scourge so meekly borne;
By thy purple robe of scorn:

By the thorns that crowned thy head;
By the sceptre of a reed;
By thy foes on bended knee,
Mocking at thy royalty:

By the people's cruel jeers;
By the holy women's tears;
By the footsteps faint and slow,
Weighed beneath thy cross of woe:

By thy weeping Mother's woe;
By the sword that pierced her through,
When in anguish standing by
On the cross she saw thee die.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LADY

3. The Glorious Mysteries

(Tune: E.H. 24 adapted)

BY the first bright Easter-day,
When the stone was rolled away;
By the glory round thee shed
At thy rising from the dead:
*King of glory, hear our cry;
Make us soon thy joys to see,
Where enthroned in majesty
Countless Angels sing to thee.*

By thy parting blessing given
As thou didst ascend to heaven;
By the cloud of living light
That received thee out of sight:

By that rushing sound of might
Coming down from heaven's height;
By the cloven tongues of fire,
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire.

See the Virgin Mother rise,
Angels bear her to the skies;
Mount to heaven, exalted Queen,
Plead on high the cause of men.

Mary reigns upon the throne
Preordained for her alone;
Saints and Angels round her sing,
Mother of our God and King.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

995^A

MEMORARE

(A prayer of Saint Bernard)

REMEMBER, O most loving Virgin Mary, that never was it known that any who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession, was left unaided. Encouraged with this assurance, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother; to thee I come, before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Incarnate Word, despise not my petitions, but mercifully vouchsafe to hear them. Amen.

996

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

1. Jesus is condemned to death.
2. Jesus receives the Cross.
3. Jesus falls the first time.
4. Jesus is met by his blessed Mother.
5. The Cross is laid upon Simon of Cyrene.
6. The face of Jesus is wiped by Veronica.
7. Jesus falls the second time.
8. The women of Jerusalem mourn for our Lord.
9. Jesus falls the third time.
10. Jesus is stripped of his garments.
11. Jesus is nailed to the Cross.
12. Jesus dies upon the Cross.
13. Jesus is laid in the arms of his Mother.
14. Jesus is laid in the sepulchre.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

At each Station:

V. WE adore thee, O Christ, and we bless thee.

R/. Because by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

O GOD, we love thee with our whole hearts and above all things, and are heartily sorry that we have offended thee. May we never offend thee any more. O may we love thee without ceasing, and make it our delight to do in all things thy most holy will.

Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory be.

V. Have mercy on us, O Lord.

R/. Have mercy on us.

V. May the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R/. Amen.

Between the Stations:

The hymn Stabat Mater (See No. 997.)

STABAT MATER

997

(Tune: E.H. 115)

- 1 AT the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping
Where he hung, her dying Son.
- 2 Through her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Torn with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Lo, the piercing sword hath run.
- 3 O, how sad and sore distressèd
Then was she, that Mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One!

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

- 4 Torn with grief and desolation,
Mother meek, the bitter passion
Saw she of her glorious Son.
- 5 Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
Bowed with sorrow so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
- 6 Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
With her Son in sorrow sinking,
Would not share her sadness deep?
- 7 For his people's sins chastised,
She her Jesus saw despised,
Saw him by the scourges rent;
- 8 Saw her own sweet Offspring taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
While his spirit forth he sent.
- 9 Mother, fount of love o'erflowing,
Ah, that I, thy sorrow knowing,
In thy grief may mourn with thee.
- 10 That my heart, fresh ardour gaining,
Love of Christ my God attaining,
Unto him may pleasing be.
- 11 Holy Mother, be there written
Every wound of Jesus smitten
In my heart, and there remain.
- 12 As thy Son through tribulation
Deigned to purchase my salvation,
Let me share with thee the pain.
- 13 Let me weep with thee beside him
For the sins which crucified him,
While my life remains in me;

MISERERE MEI, DEUS

- 14 Take beneath the cross my station,
Share with thee thy desolation;
Humbly this I ask of thee.
- 15 Virgin, virgins all excelling,
Spurn me not, my prayer repelling:
Make me weep and mourn with thee.
- 16 So Christ's death within me bearing,
Let me, in his passion sharing,
Keep his wounds in memory.
- 17 Let thy Son's wounds penetrate me,
Let the cross inebriate me
And his own most precious blood.
- 18 Lest in flames I burn and perish,
On the Judgment-day, O cherish
And defend me, Virgin good.
- 19 Christ, whene'er this world shall
leave me,
Through thy Mother then receive me
To the palm of victory.
- 20 When the bonds of flesh are riven,
Glory to my soul be given,
In thy paradise with thee.

No. 998 in earlier editions omitted

MISERERE MEI, DEUS

999 (Psalm 51)

Ant. Remember not, Lord, our offences,
nor the offences of our forefathers: neither
take thou vengeance of our sins.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, after thy
great goodness: according to the multi-
tude of thy mercies do away mine offences.

MISERERE MEI, DEUS

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Turn thy face from my sins: and put out all my misdeeds.

Make me a clean heart, O Lord: and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

O give me the comfort of thy help again: and stablish me with thy free Spirit.

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked: and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God of my health: and my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.

COMMEMORATION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord: and my mouth shall shew thy praise.

For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee: but thou delightest not in burnt offerings.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise.

O be favourable and gracious unto Sion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt offerings and oblations: then shall they offer young bullocks upon thine altar.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Ant. Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers: neither take thou vengeance of our sins.

A COMMEMORATION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

1000

De profundis. Psalm 130.

OUT of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord hear my voice.

O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

COMMEMORATION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the Lord, my soul doth wait for him: in his word is my trust.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy: and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel: from all his sins.

Rest eternal grant unto them (him, her), O Lord: and let light perpetual shine upon them (him, her).

Kyrie eléison.

Christe, eléison.

Kyrie, eléison.

Our Father.

V. And lead us not into temptation,

R/. But deliver us from evil.

V. From the gate of hell,

R/. Deliver their (his, her) soul(s), O Lord.

V. May they (he, she) rest in peace,

R/. Amen.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer,

R/. And let my cry come unto thee.

V. The Lord be with you,

R/. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

O GOD, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful: grant unto the souls of thy

COMMEMORATION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

servant(s) and handmaid(s) the remission of all (their) sins; that through devout supplications they (he, she) may obtain the pardon which (they) have always desired. Who livest and reignest world without end. R7. Amen.

V. Rest eternal grant unto (them), O Lord.

R7. And let light perpetual shine upon (them).

V. May they (he, she) rest in peace.

R7. Amen.

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